

Nº 4

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS PRESENTS

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ZOOT!

THE COMIC THAT HAS BEEN MISUNDERSTOOD BY EXPERTS!



OH ZELDA, HOW I
LONG TO **ZOOT** YOU,
TO **ZOOT** YOU IN THE
MOST **ZOOTFUL**,
ZOOTING MANNER!



ZOOT ME,
ZIRK! **ZOOT**
ME NOW!



WHAT THE
ZOOT
ARE YOU
LOOKING
AT?



1 • MISTER PIGGY FIBS ~ THIS ALL TAKES PLACE IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO LISTEN TO 'HALLELUWAH' BY CAN. BUT THEN, A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN 18 AND A HALF MINUTES. GUARANTEED NO REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE.

14 • SHORT STORY (ISOLATED PANEL) ~ THIS ISSUE'S DREAM STORY, BUT THE DREAM ENDED IN THE NINTH PANEL.

18 • THE DEREK SEALS STORY

20 • THE JOURNEY HALFWAY 3 ~ HALFWAY THERE, THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN.

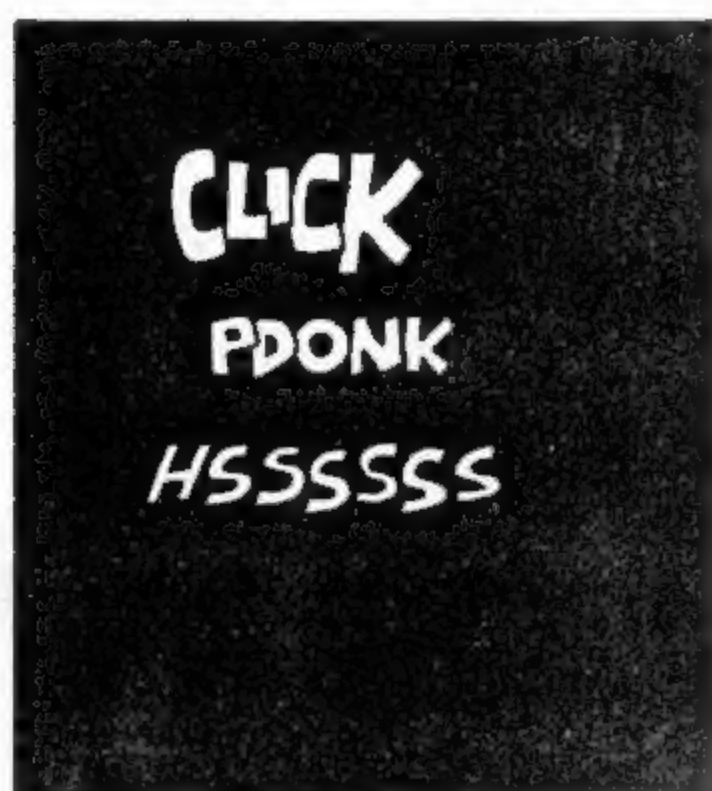
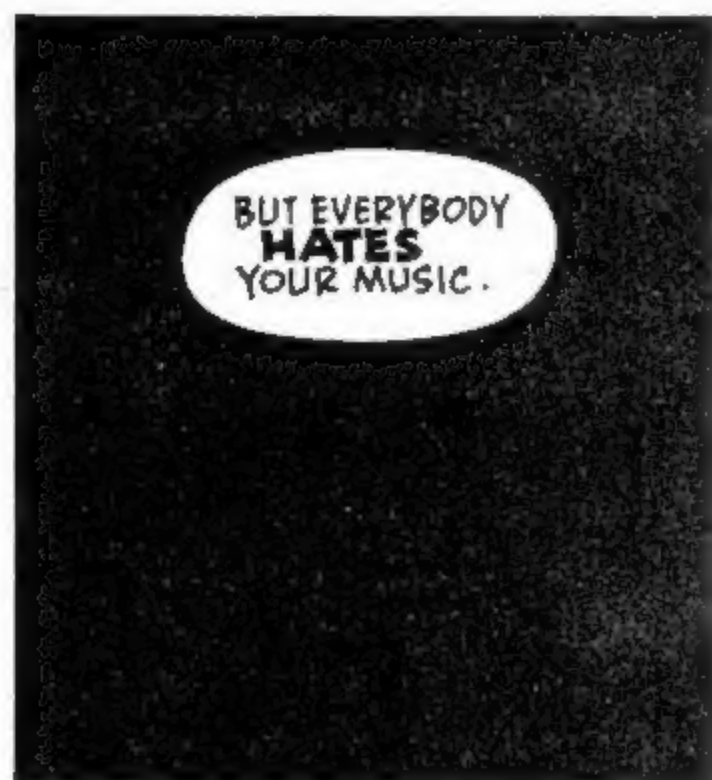
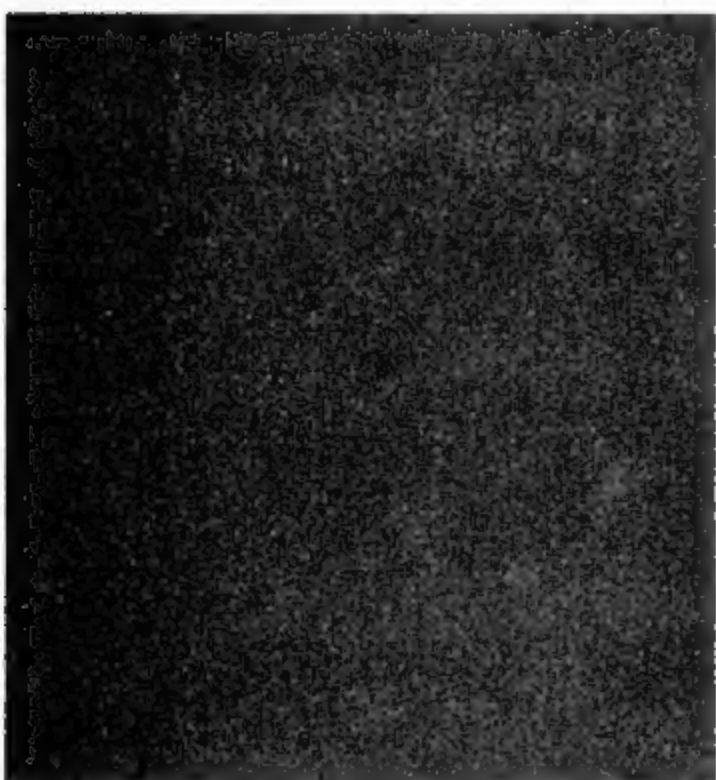
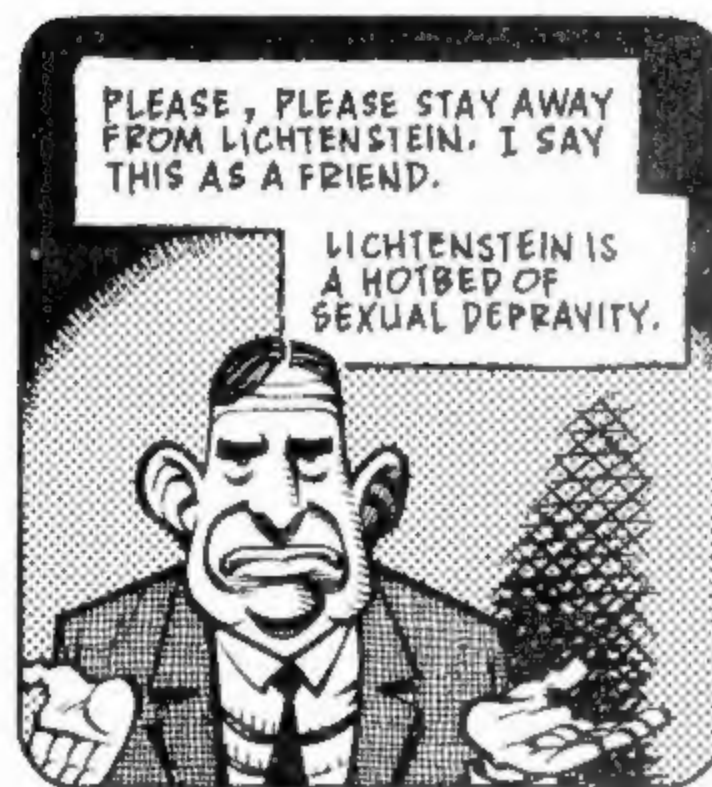
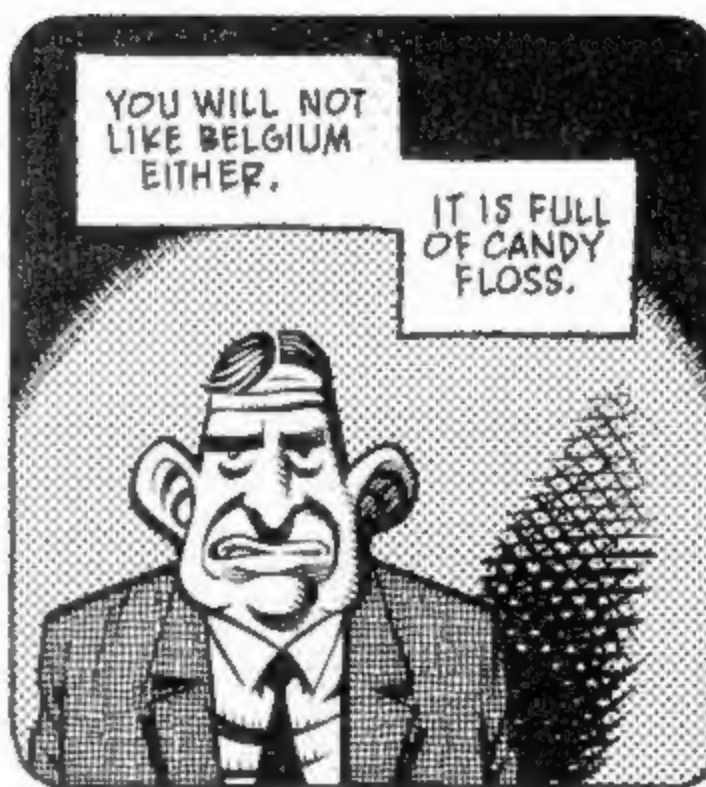
24 • BLACKMAIL IV ~ "HAVE YOU APPLIED?"

25 • TERI ROTA SEZ

BACK COVER • PLEASE EXPLAIN TO ANDREW

by **ANDREW and ROGER LANGRIDGE**

EDITED
BY GARY
GROTH



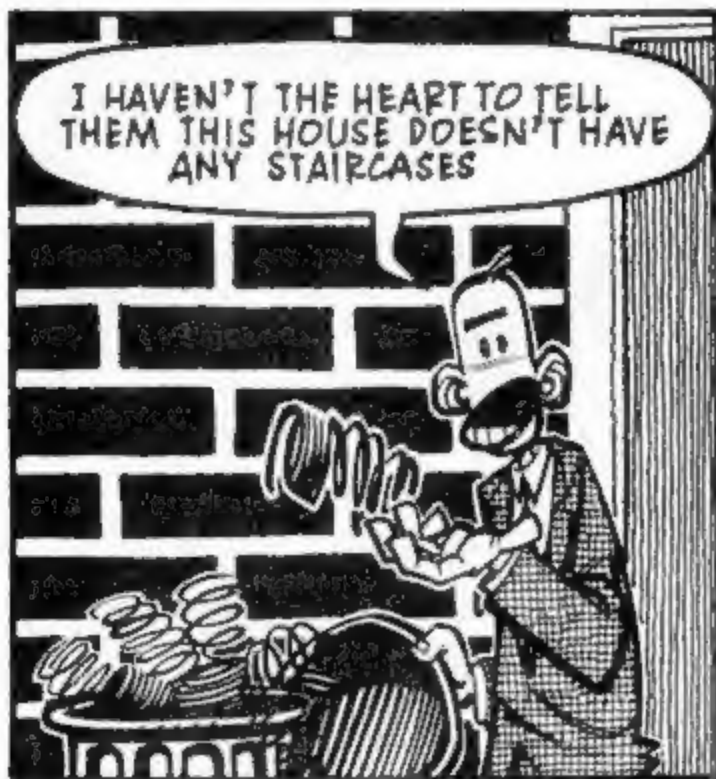
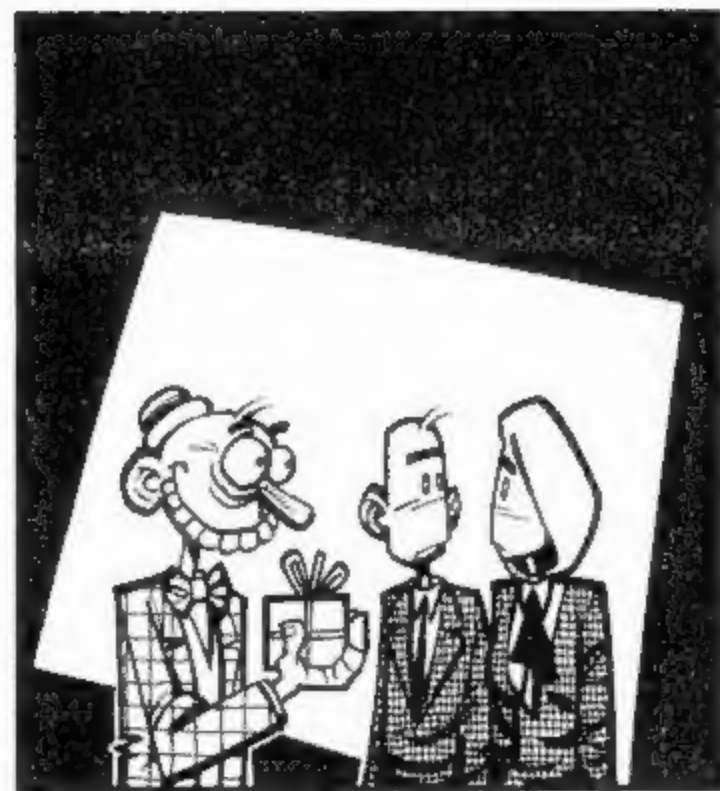
ZOOT!
presents

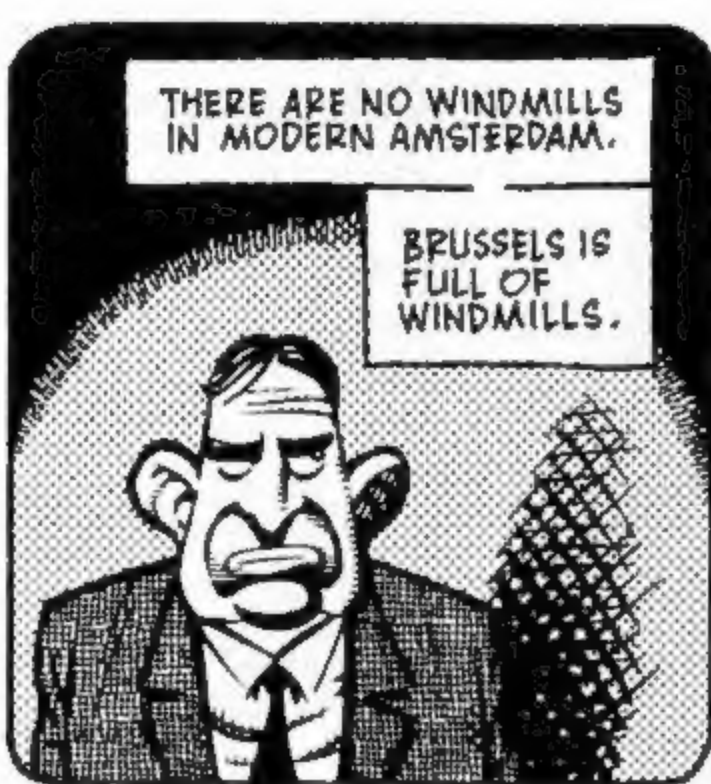
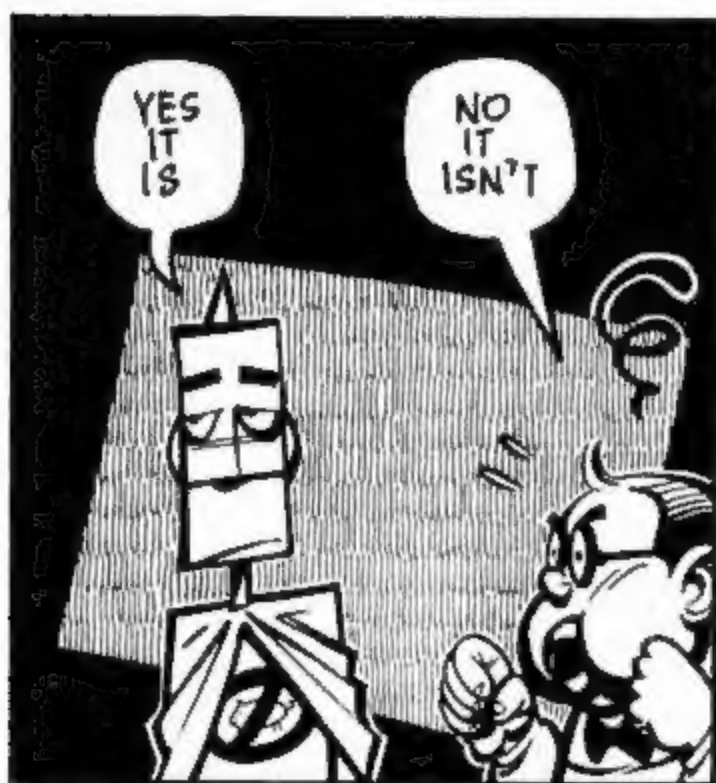
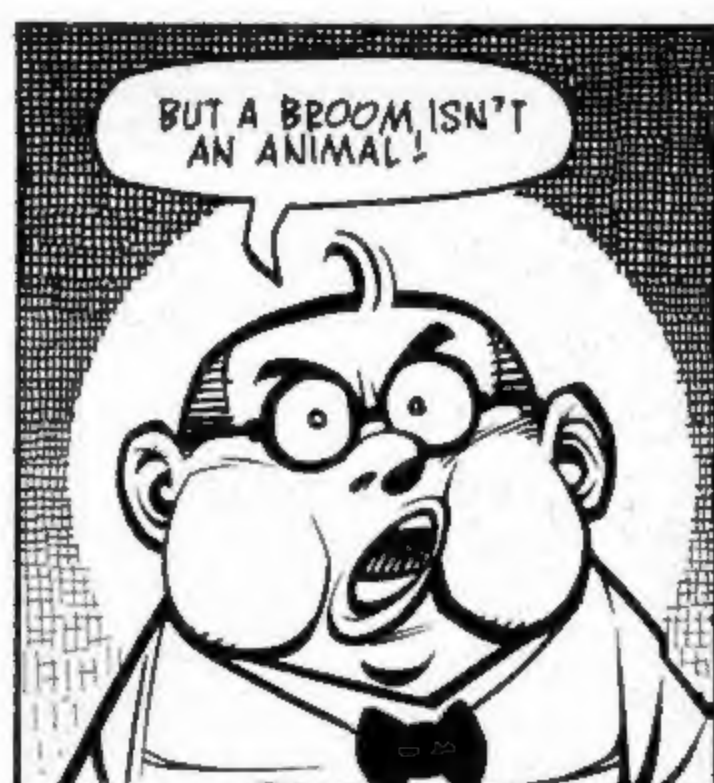
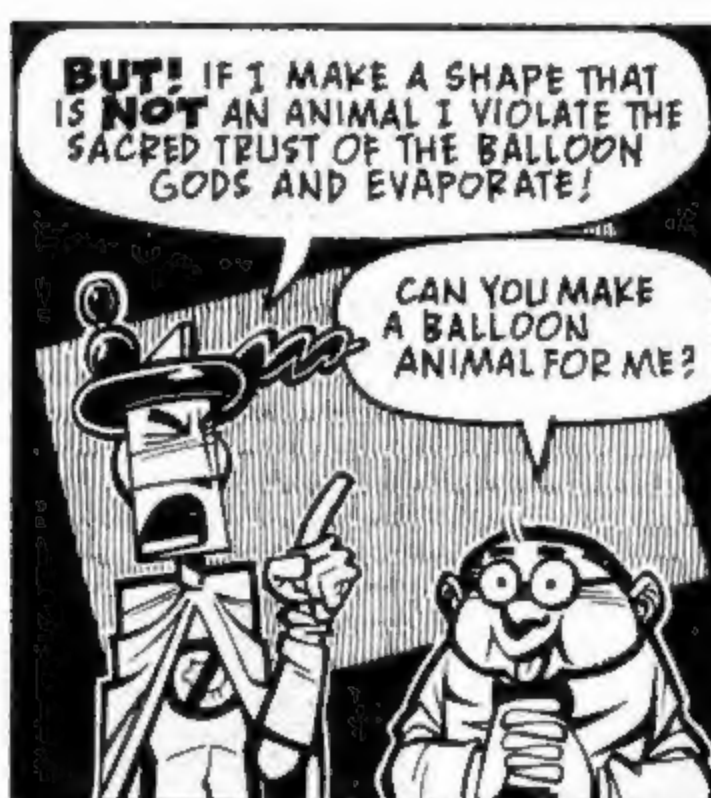
MISTER PIGGY FIBS

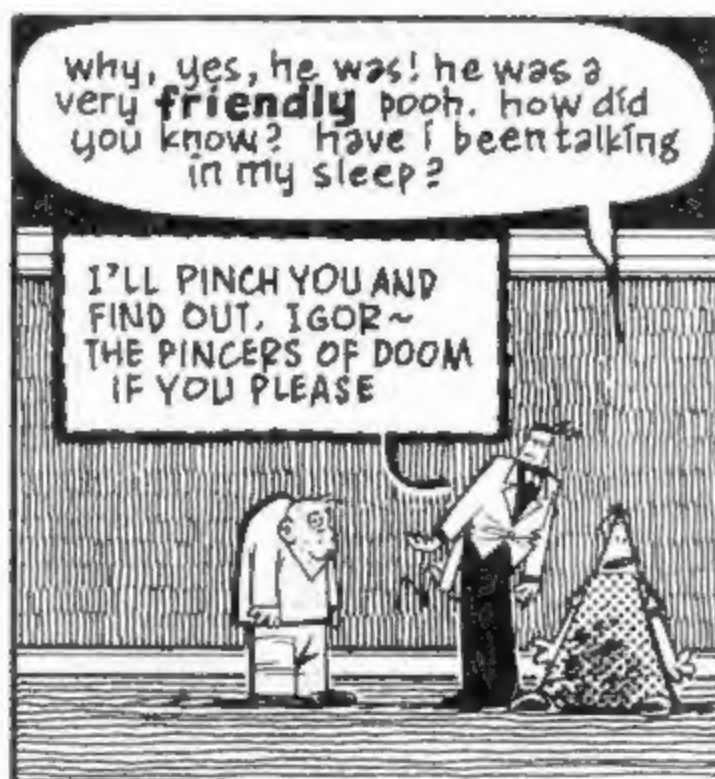
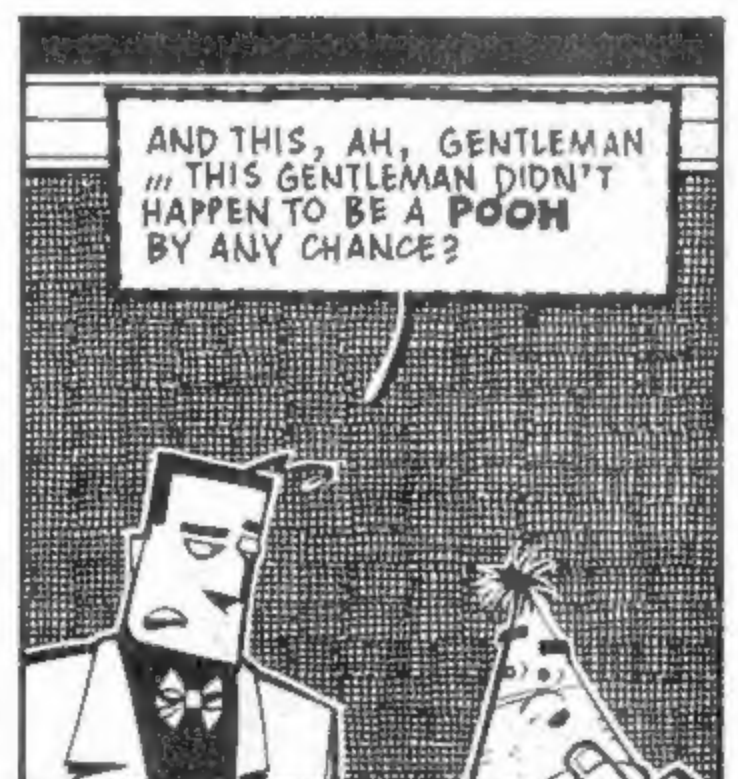
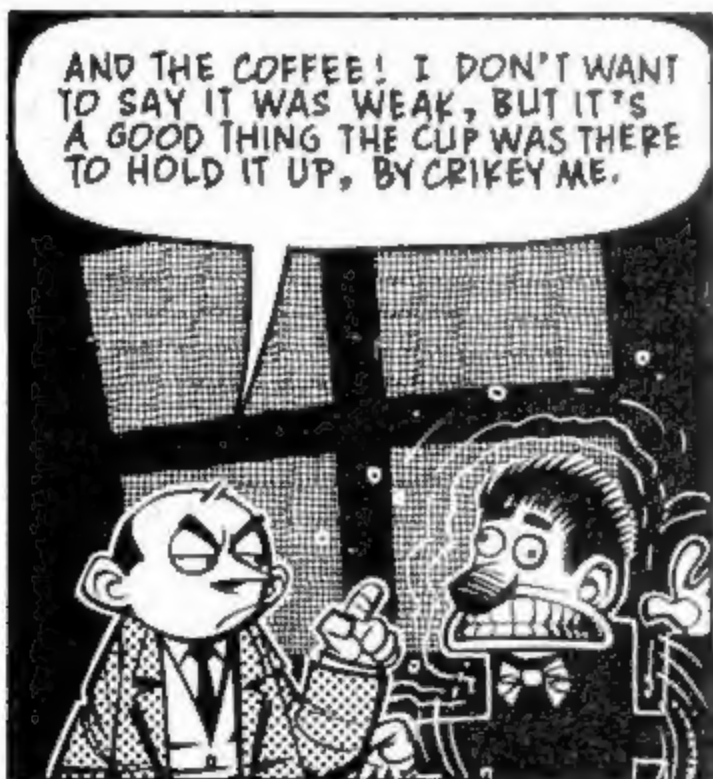
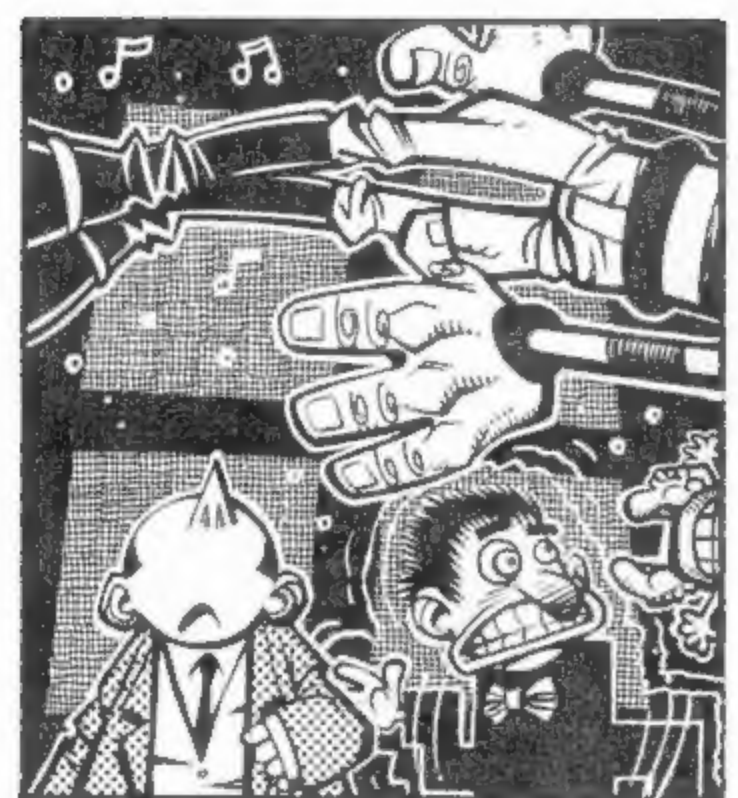
by Andrew and Roger Langridge

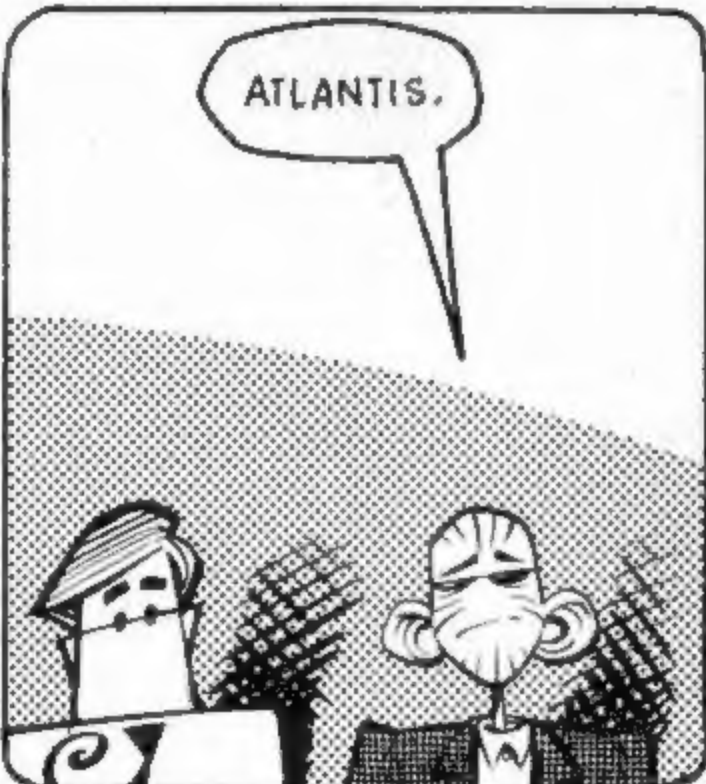
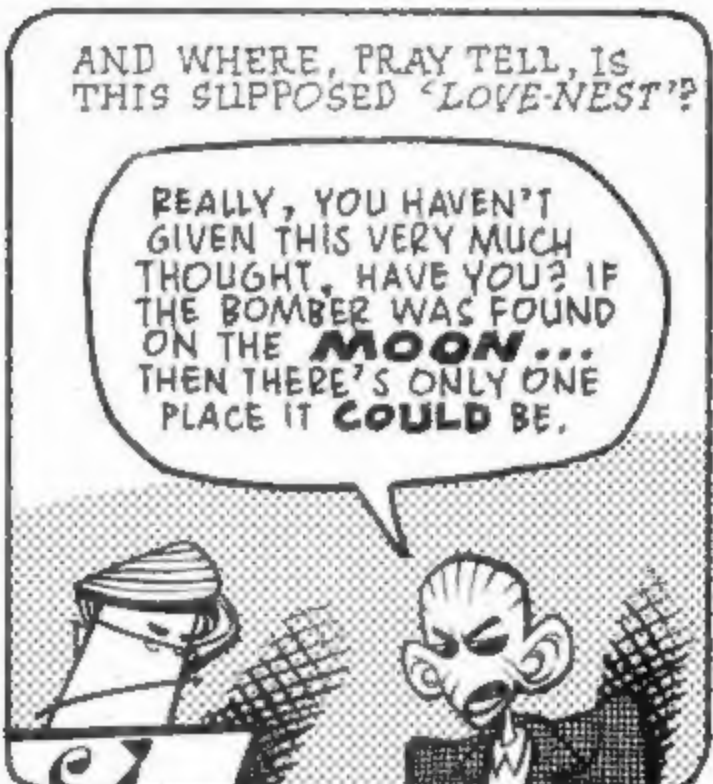
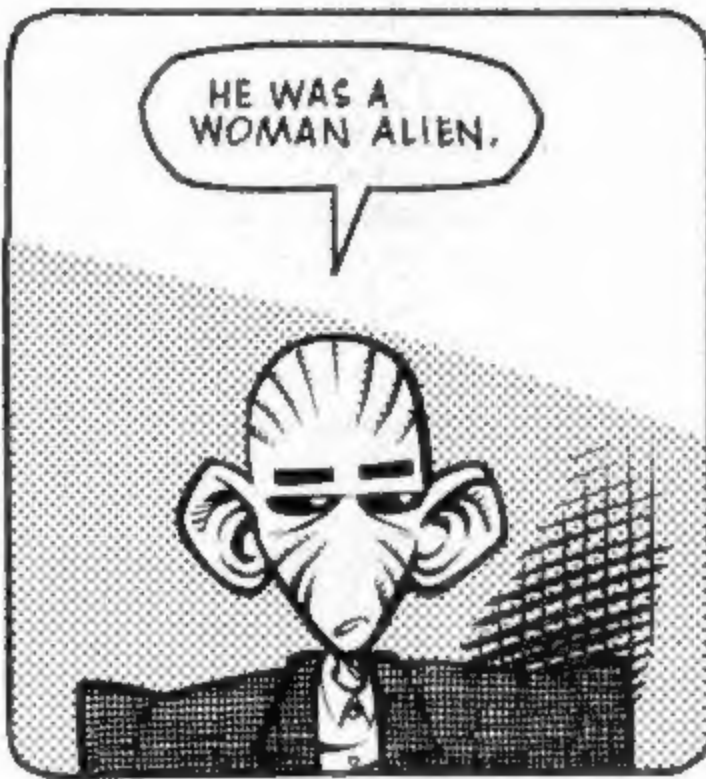
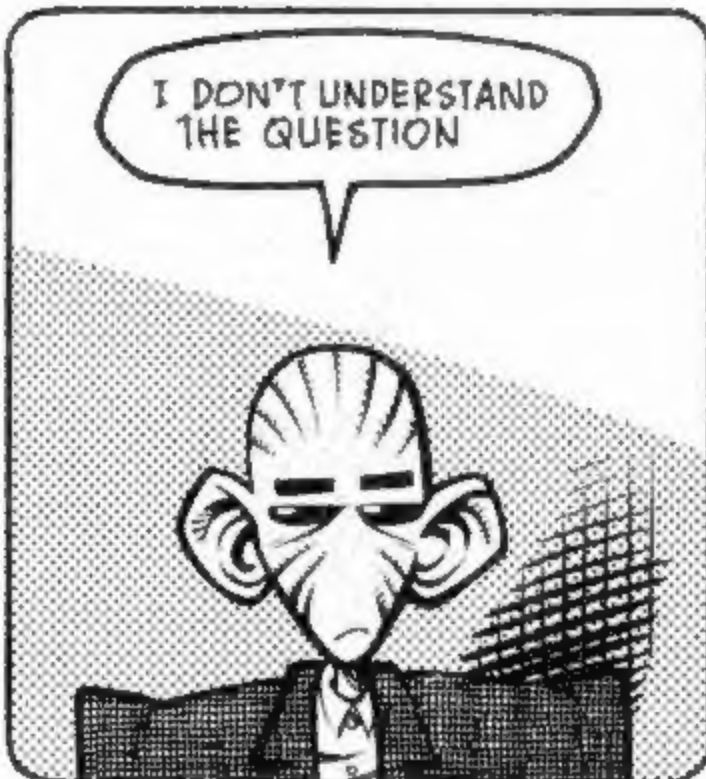
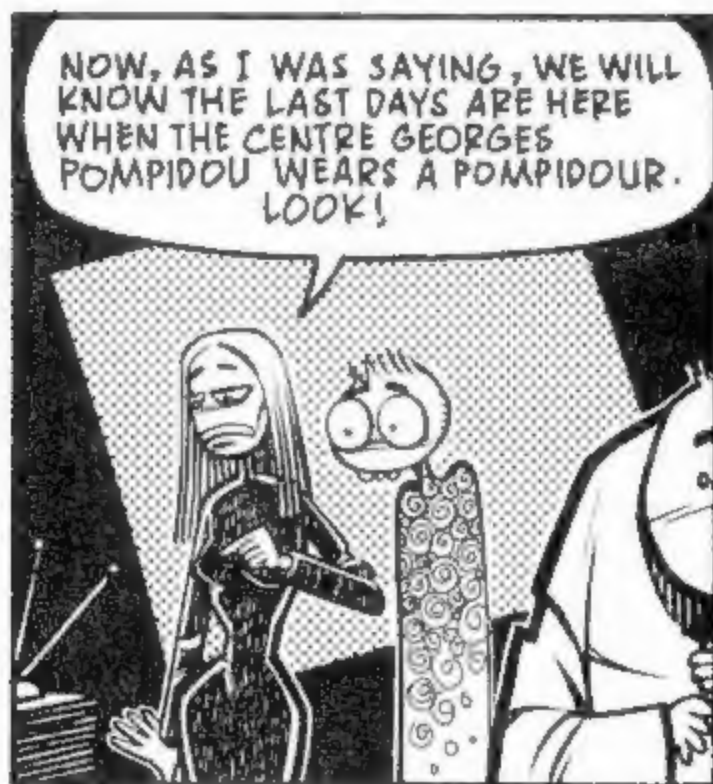
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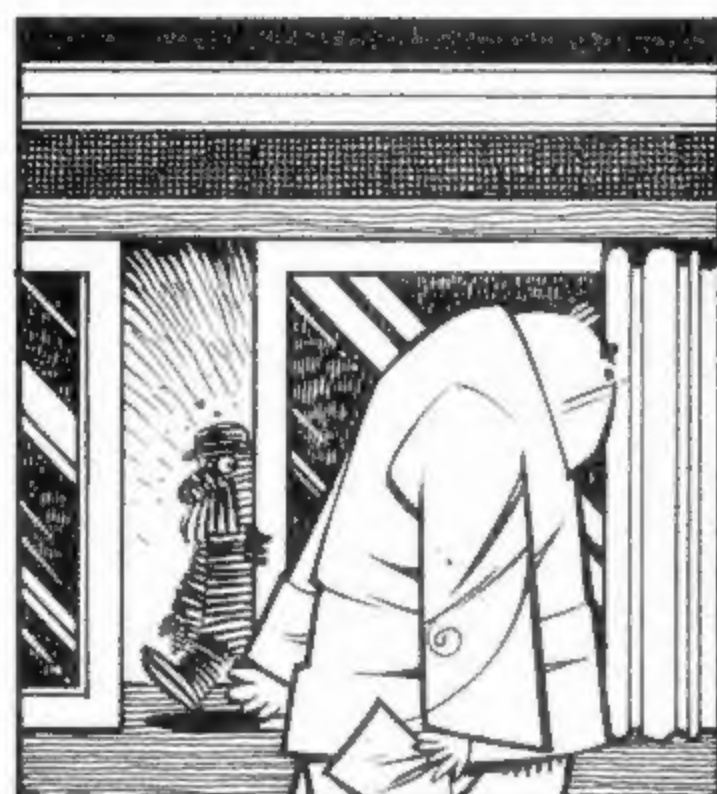
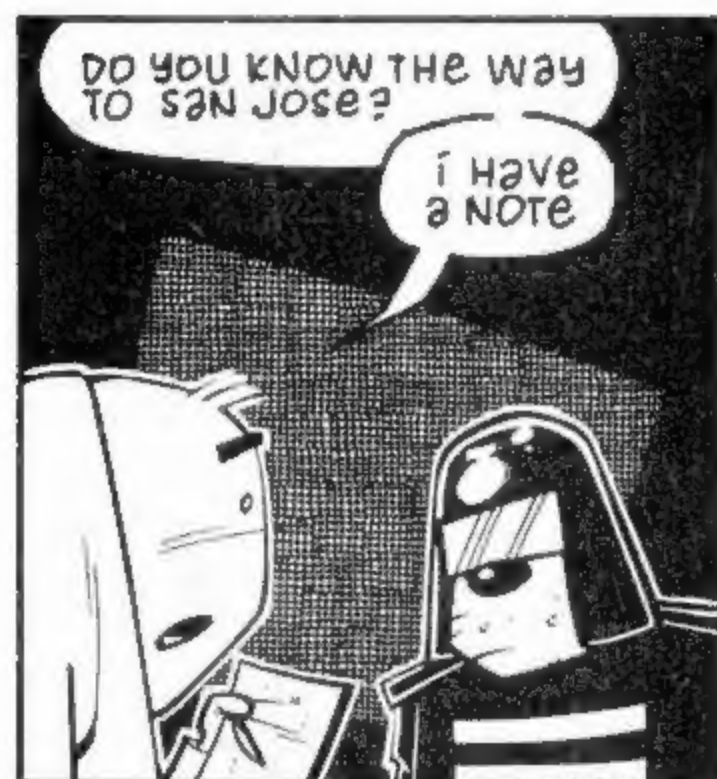
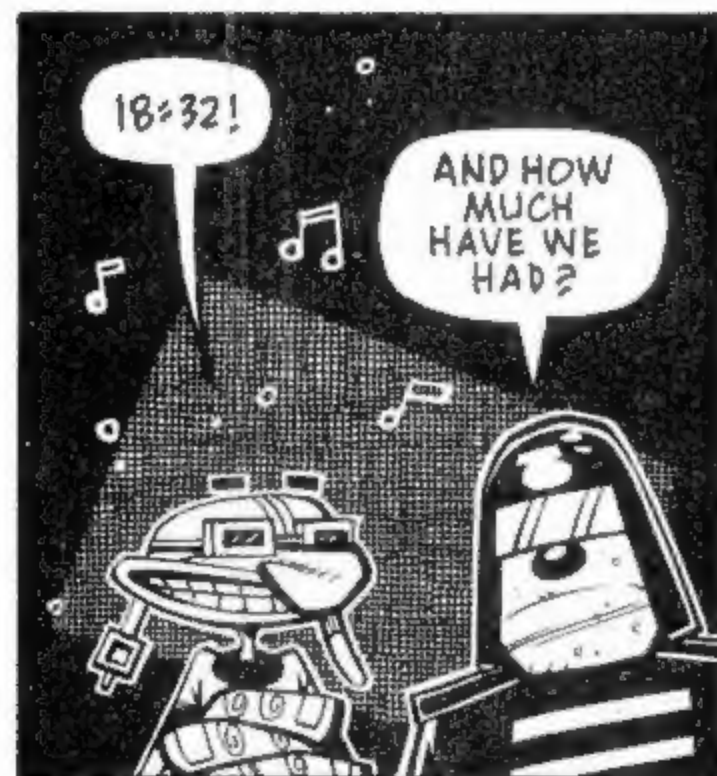


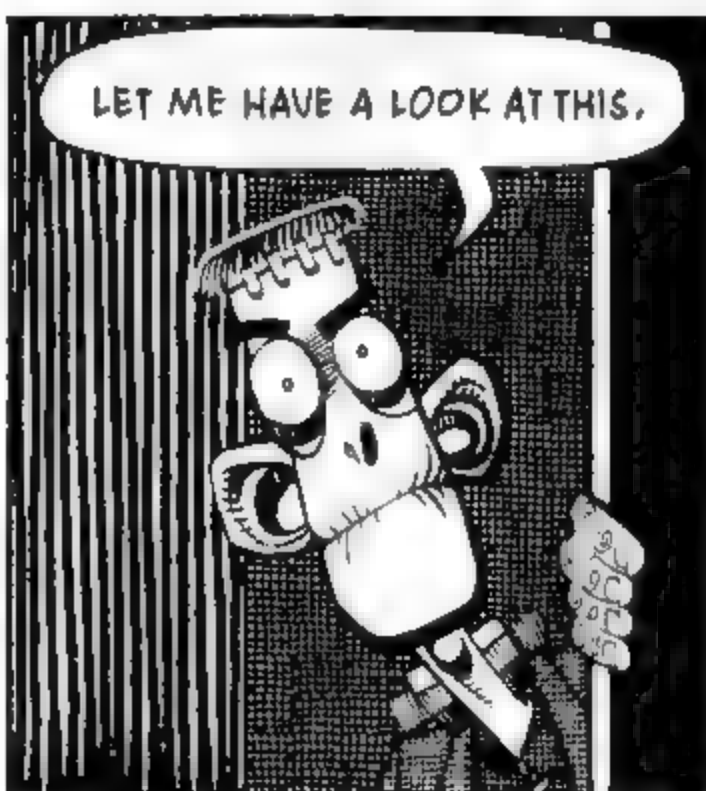
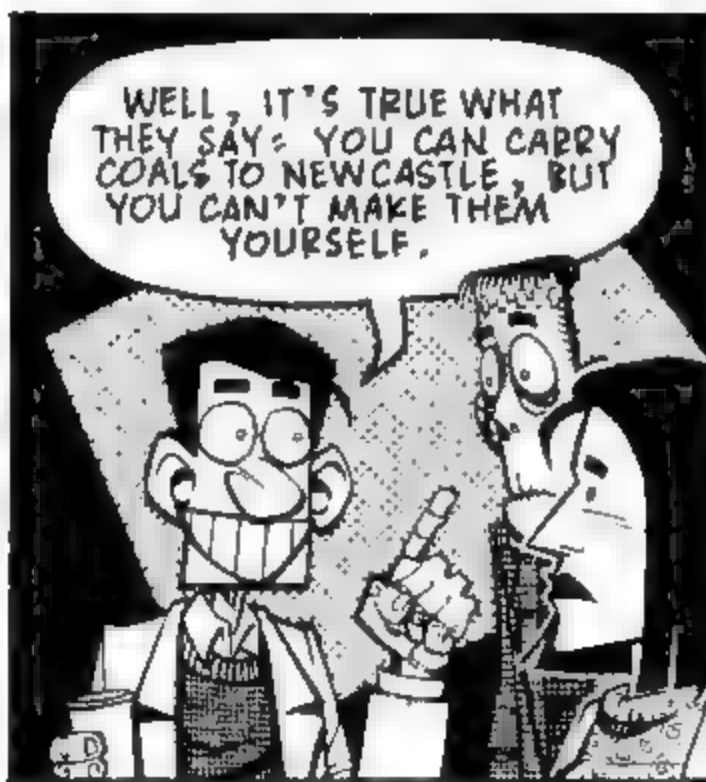
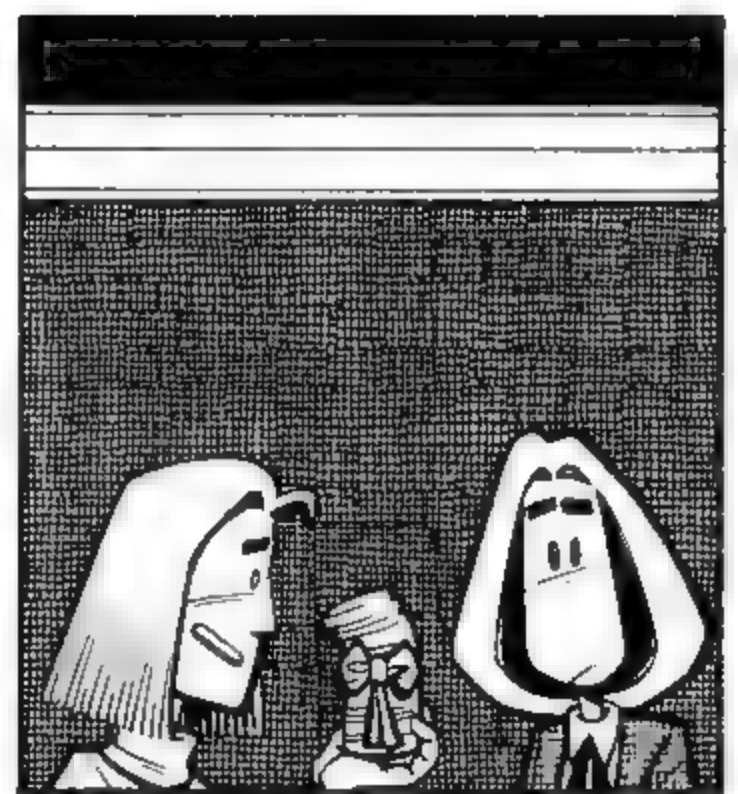


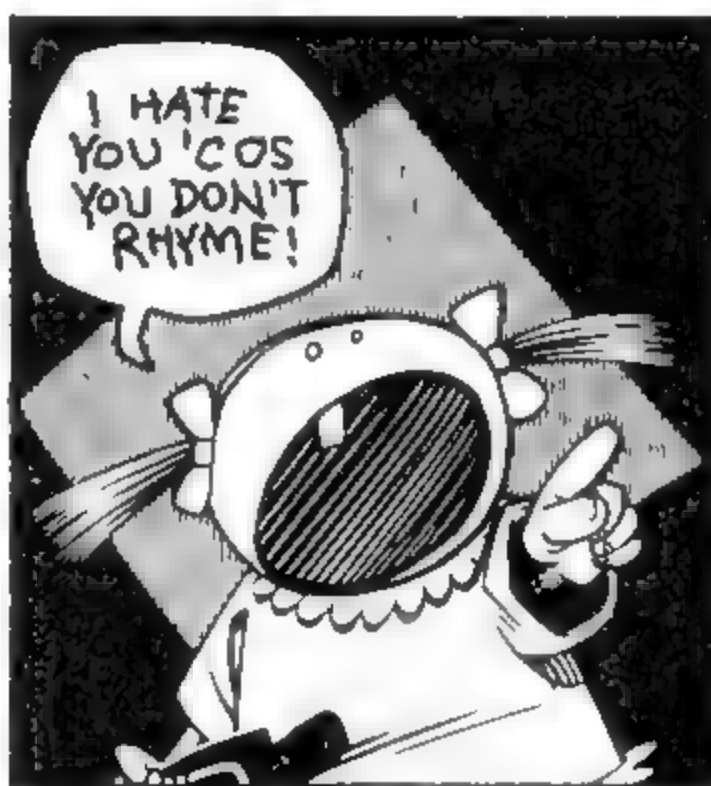
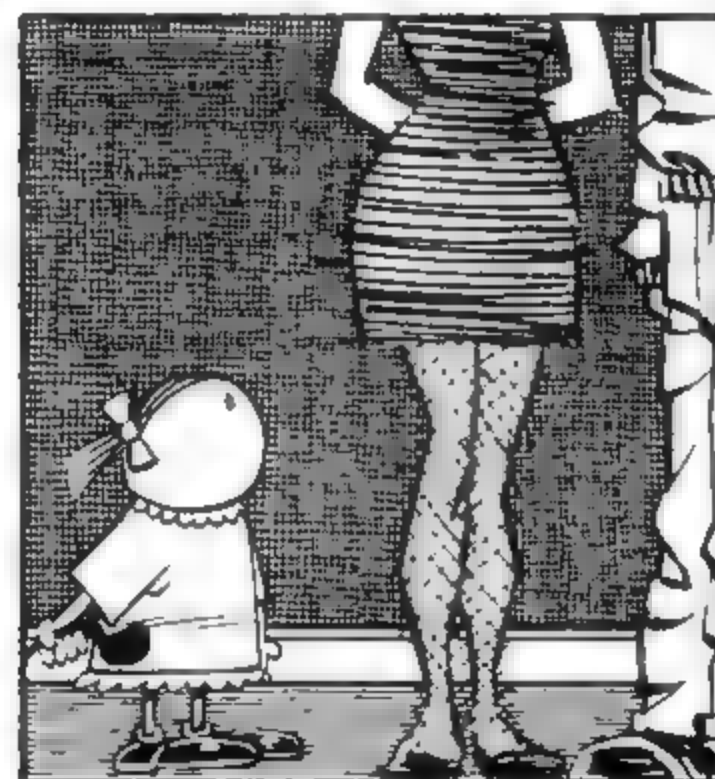
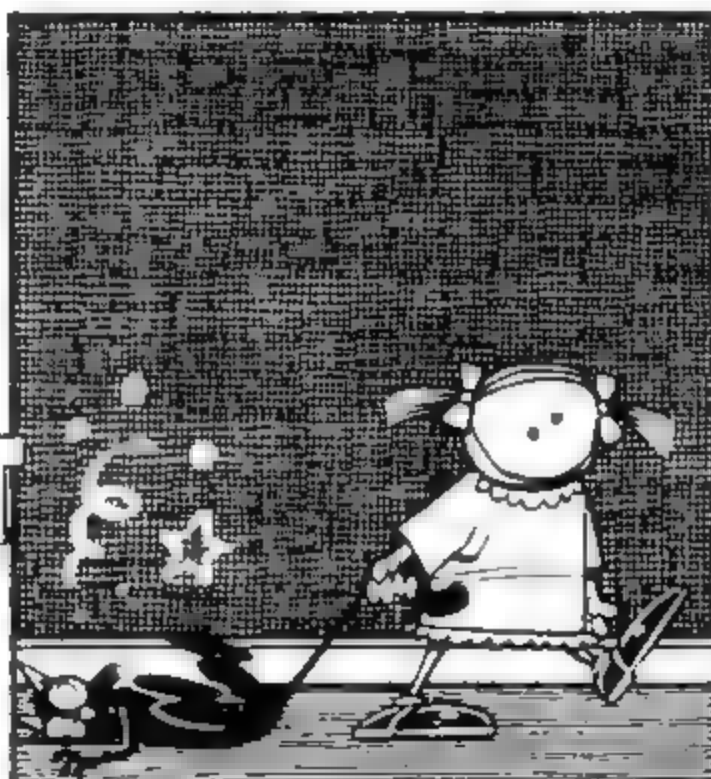
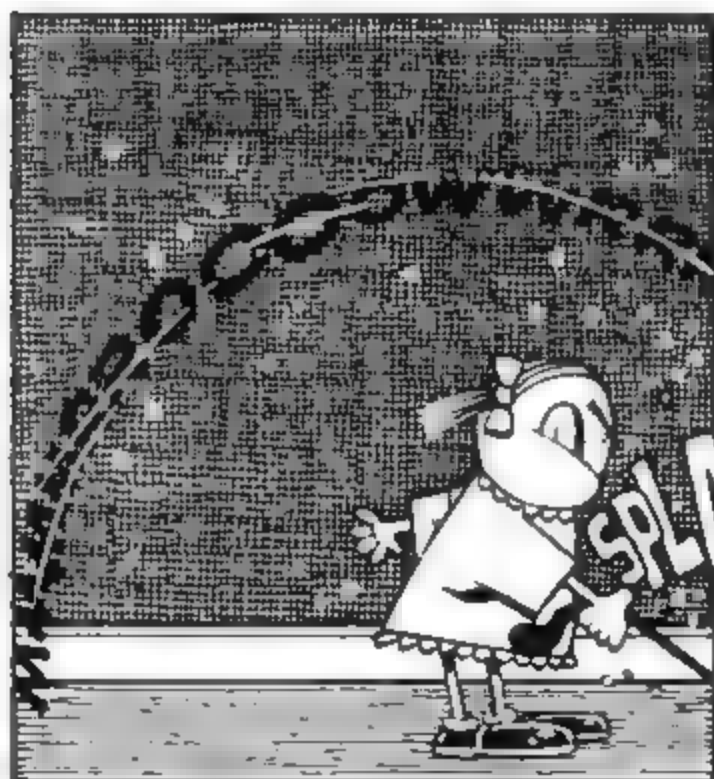
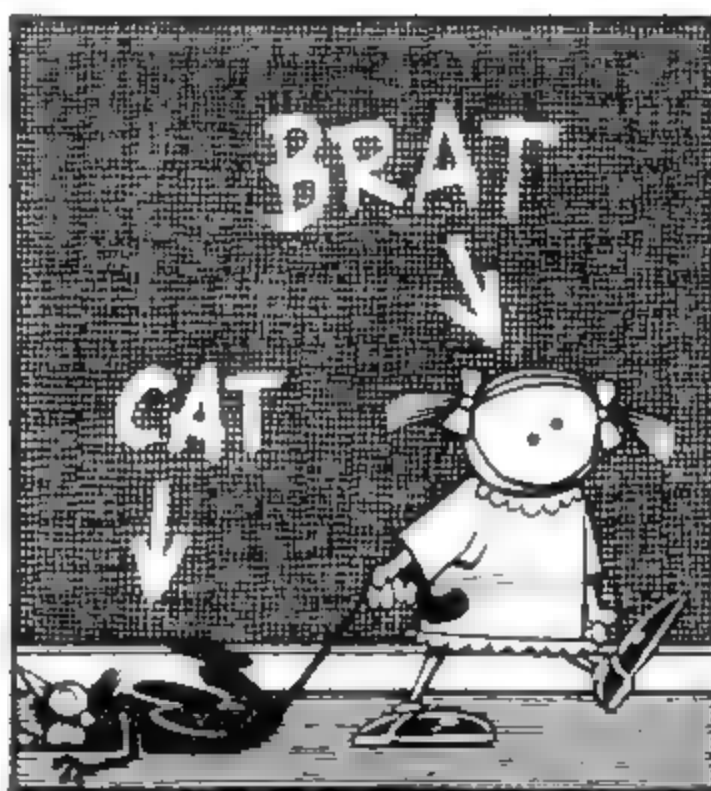
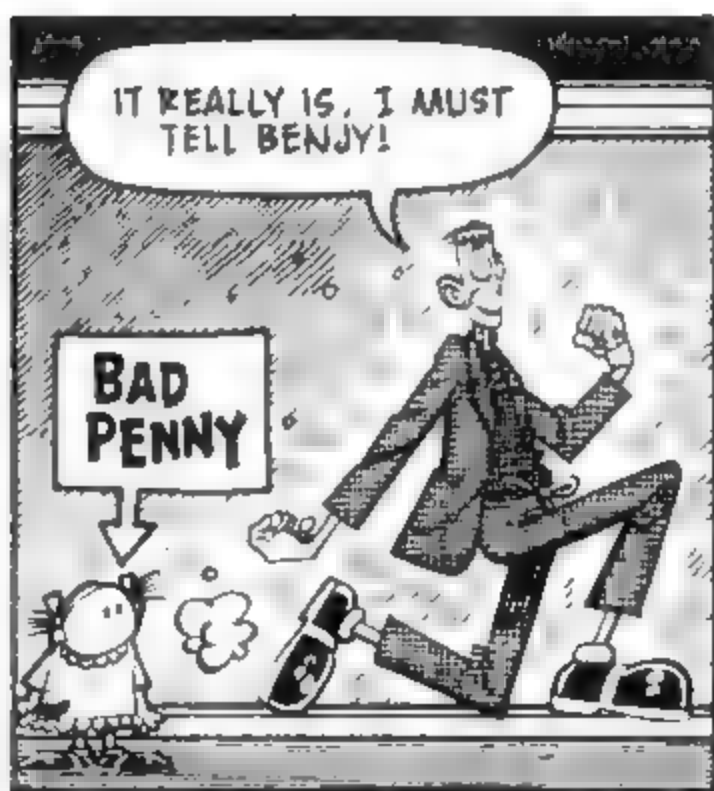


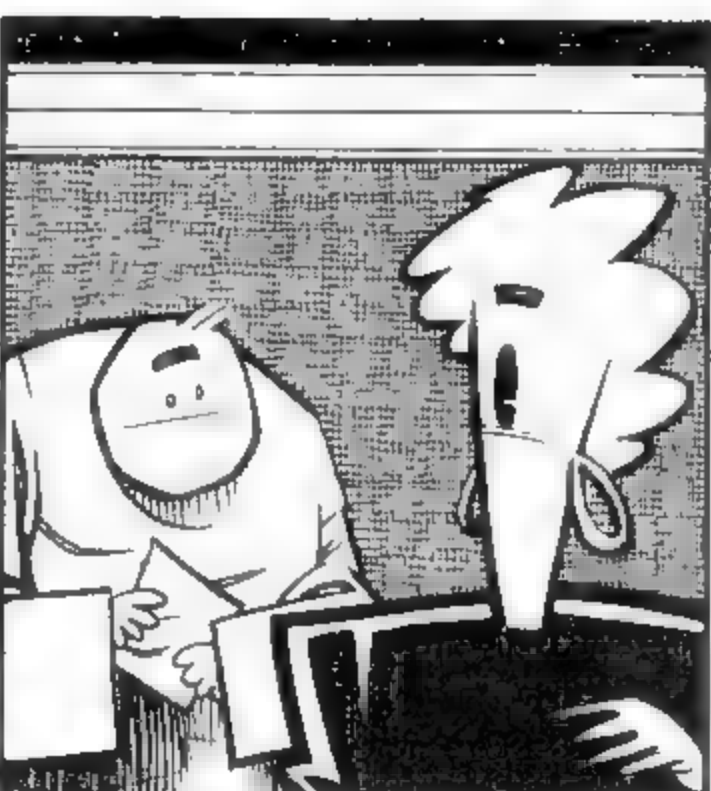
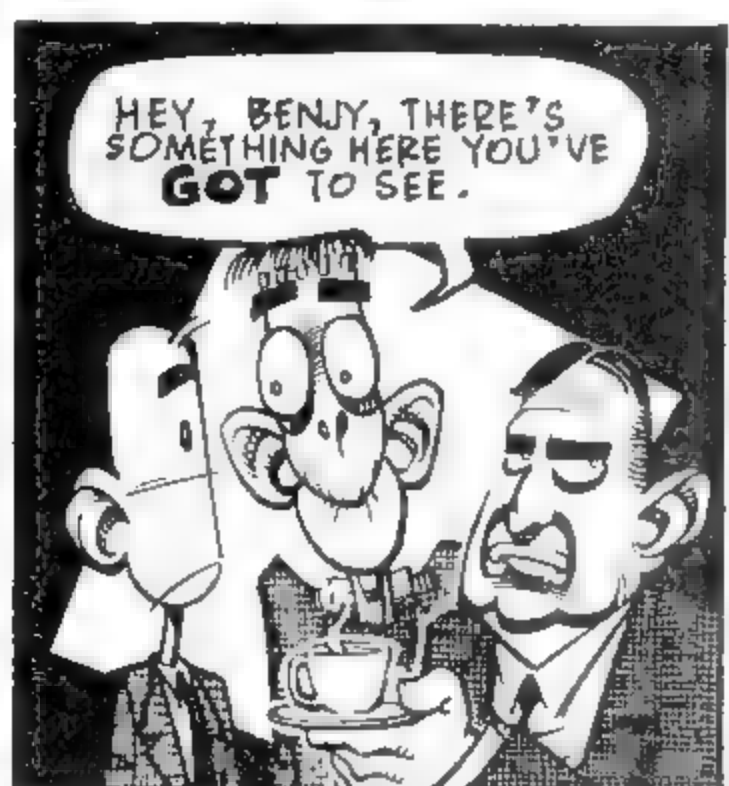
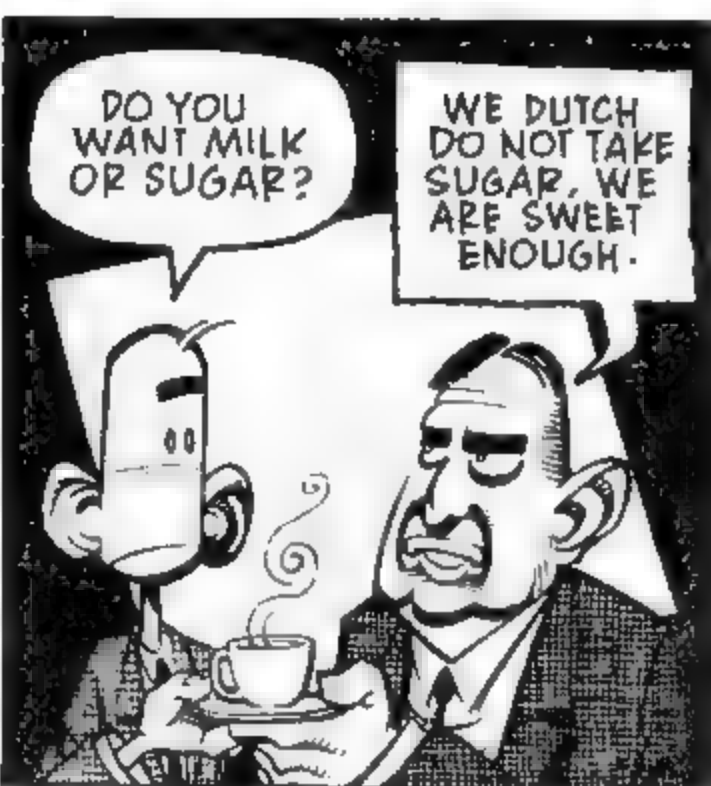
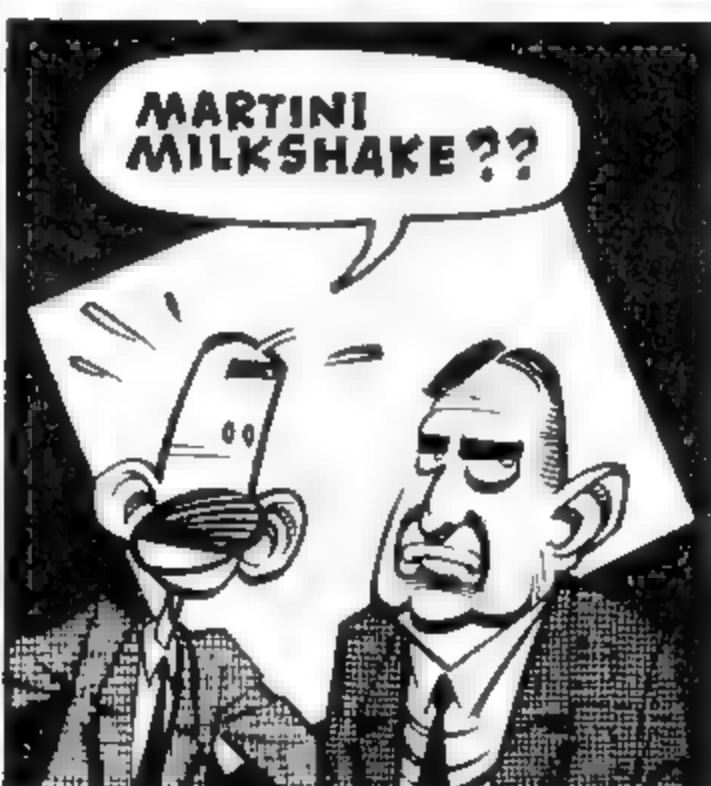
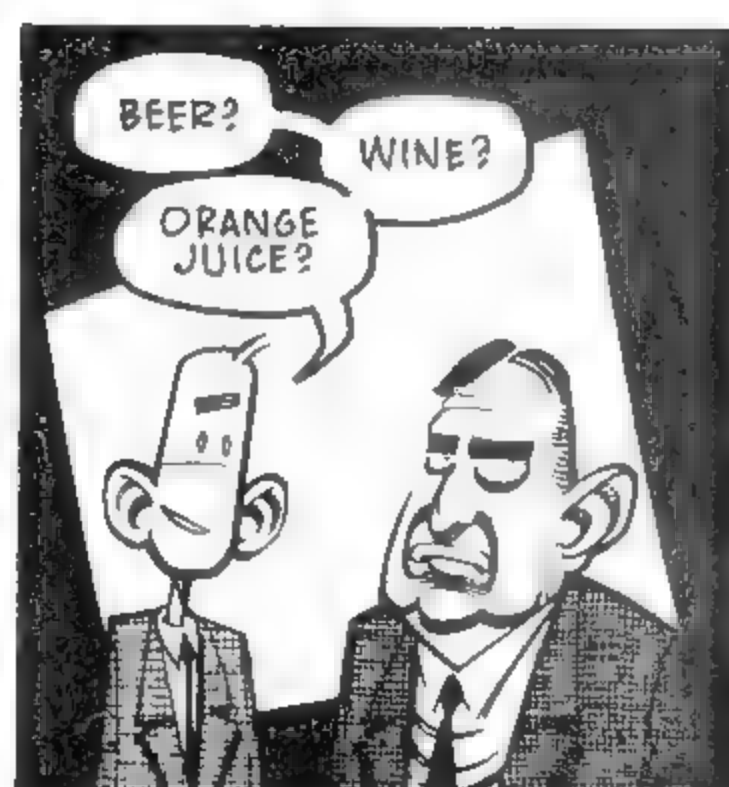


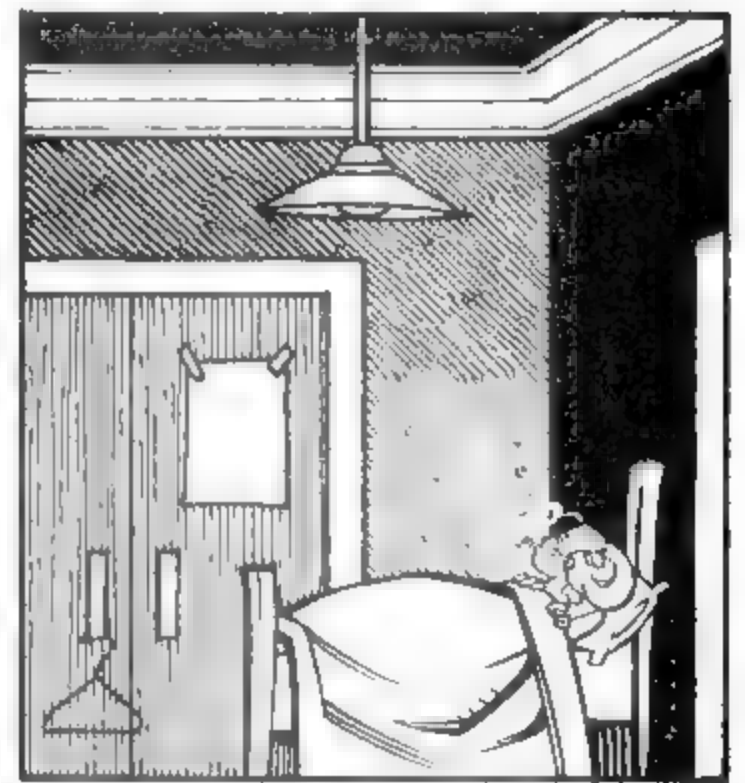
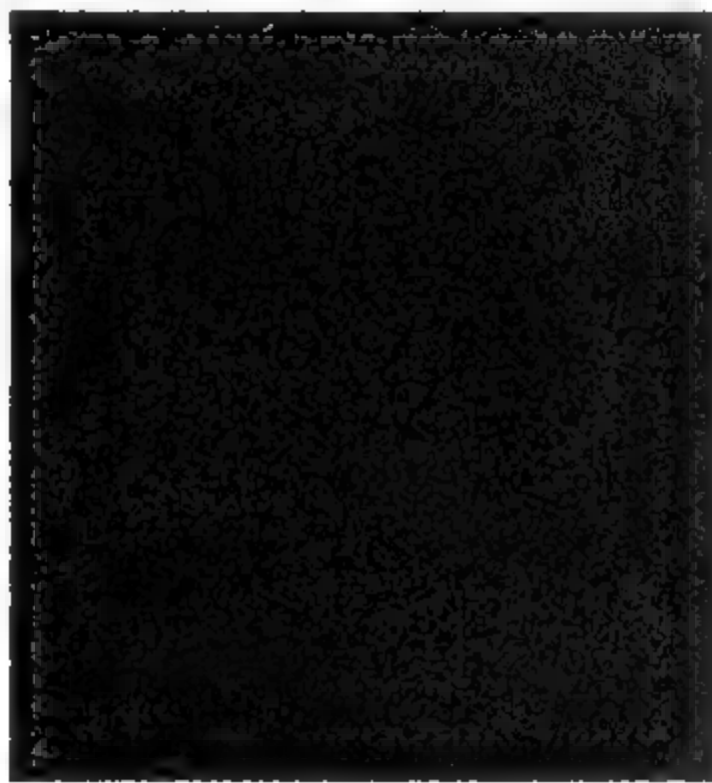
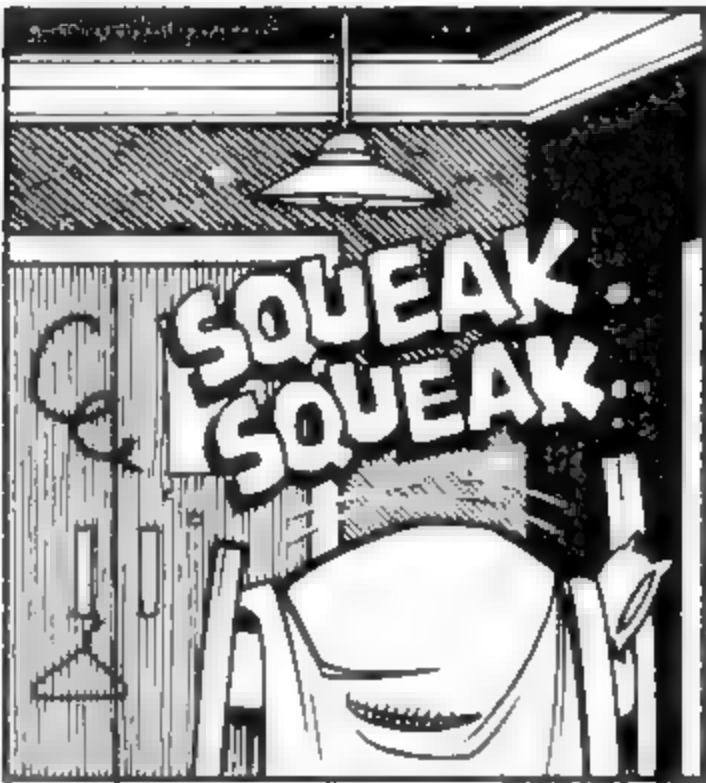
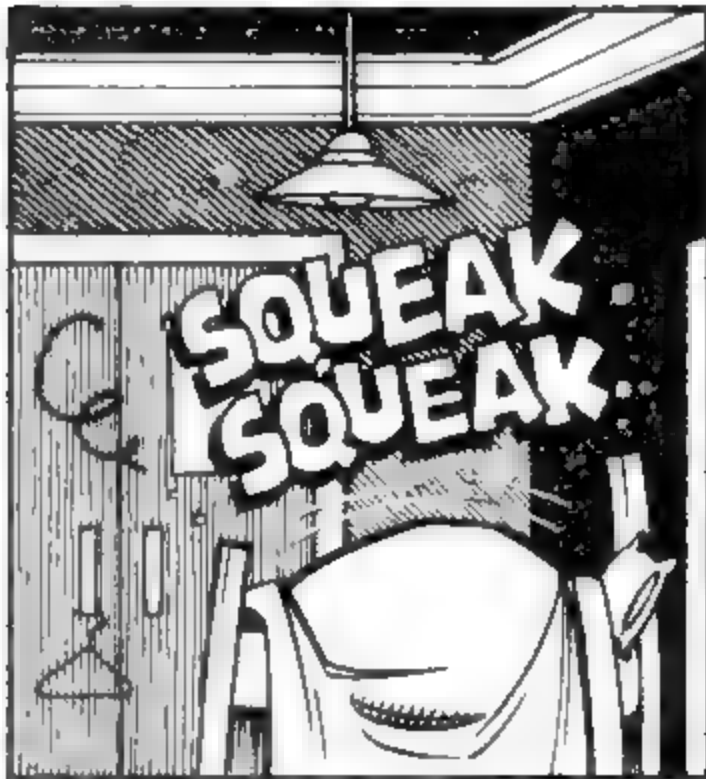
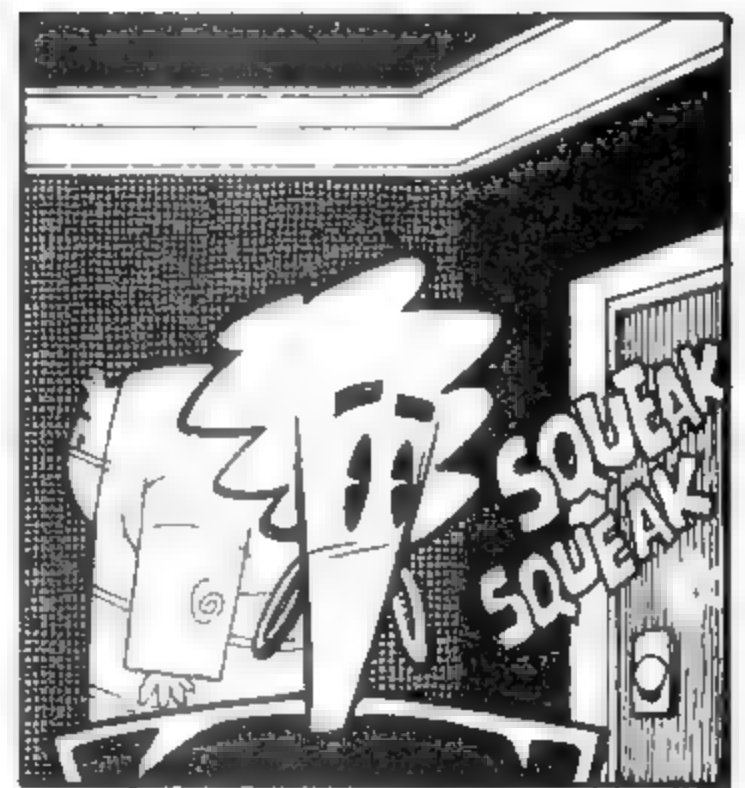
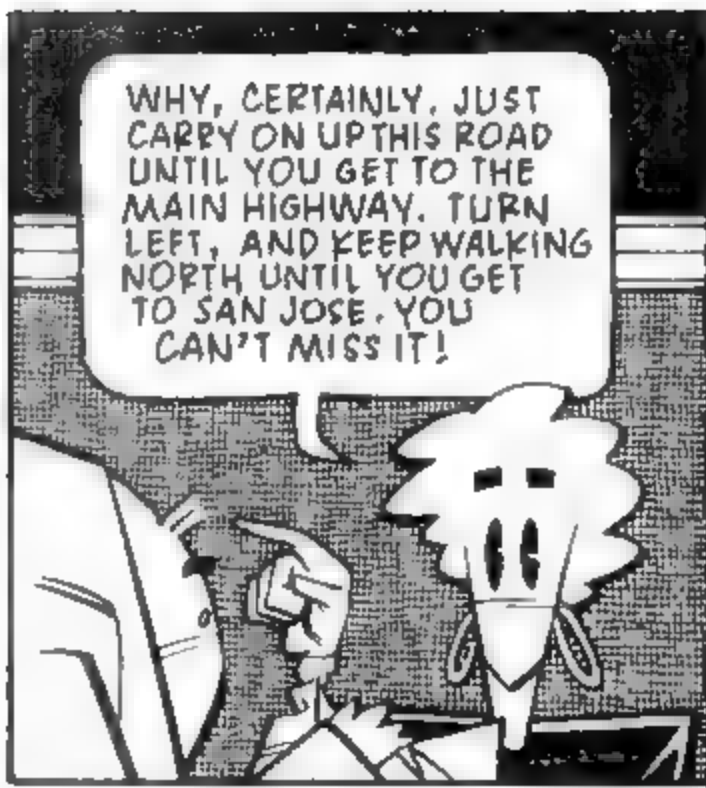


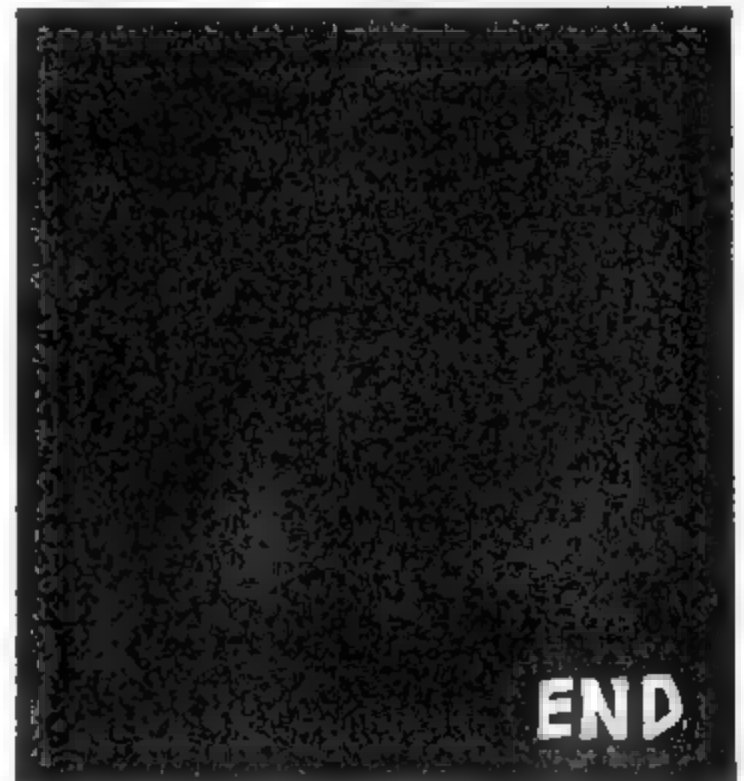
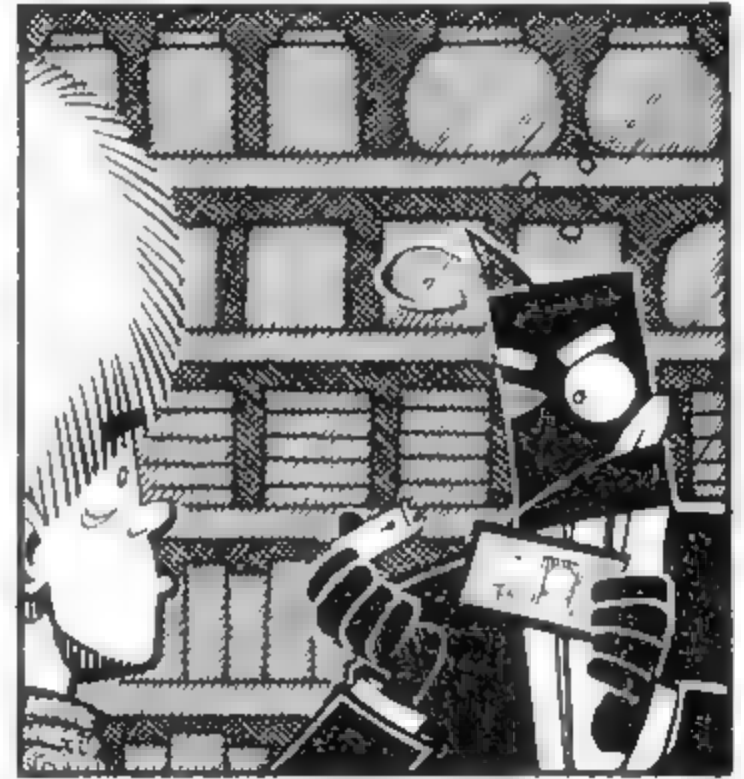
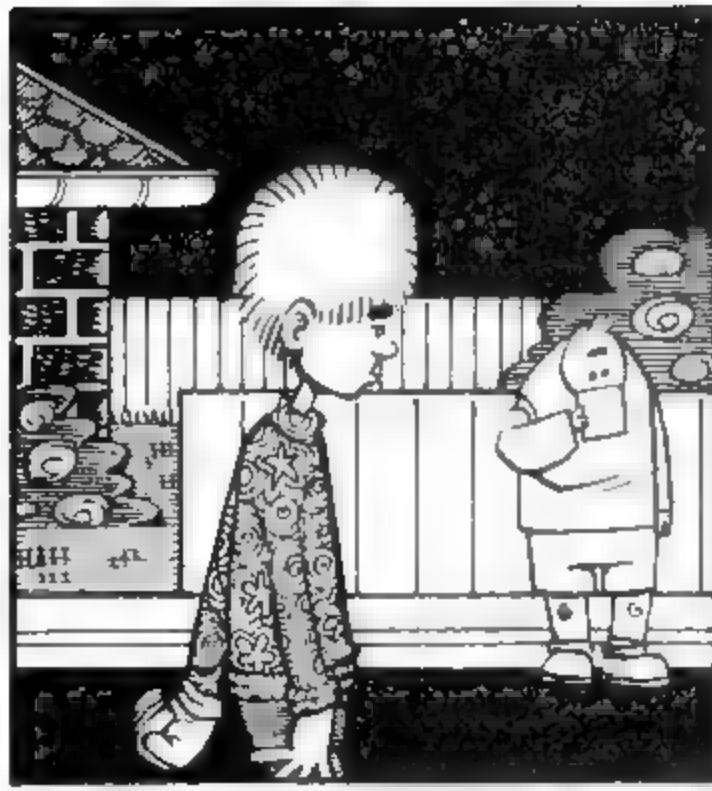
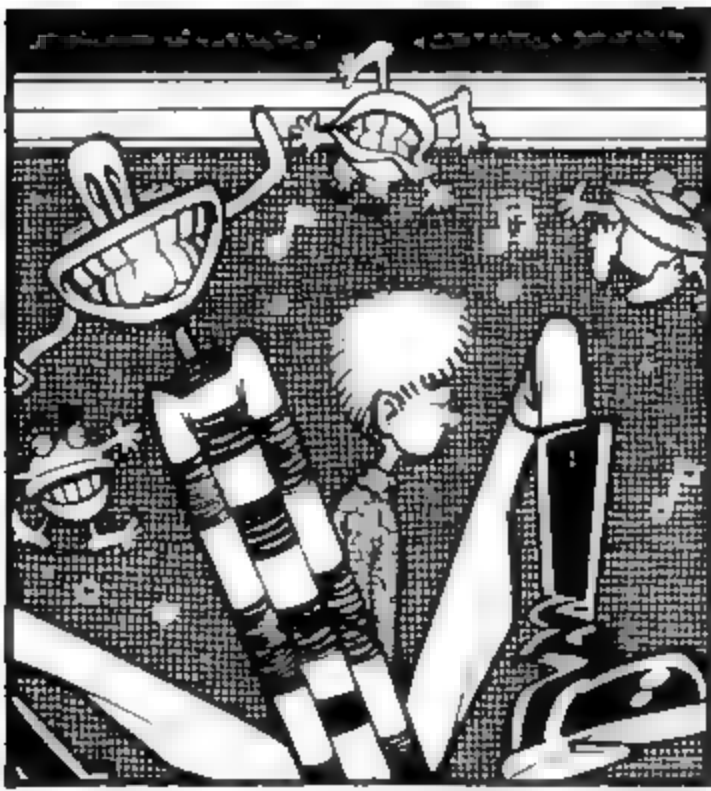








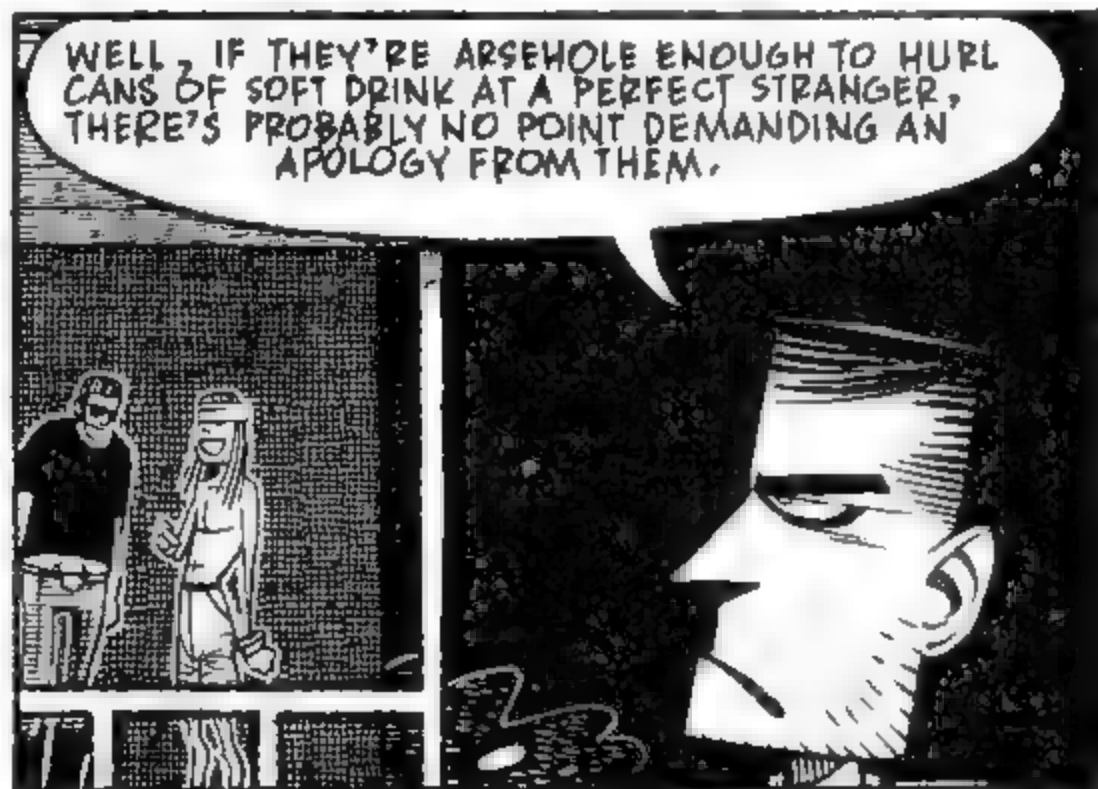
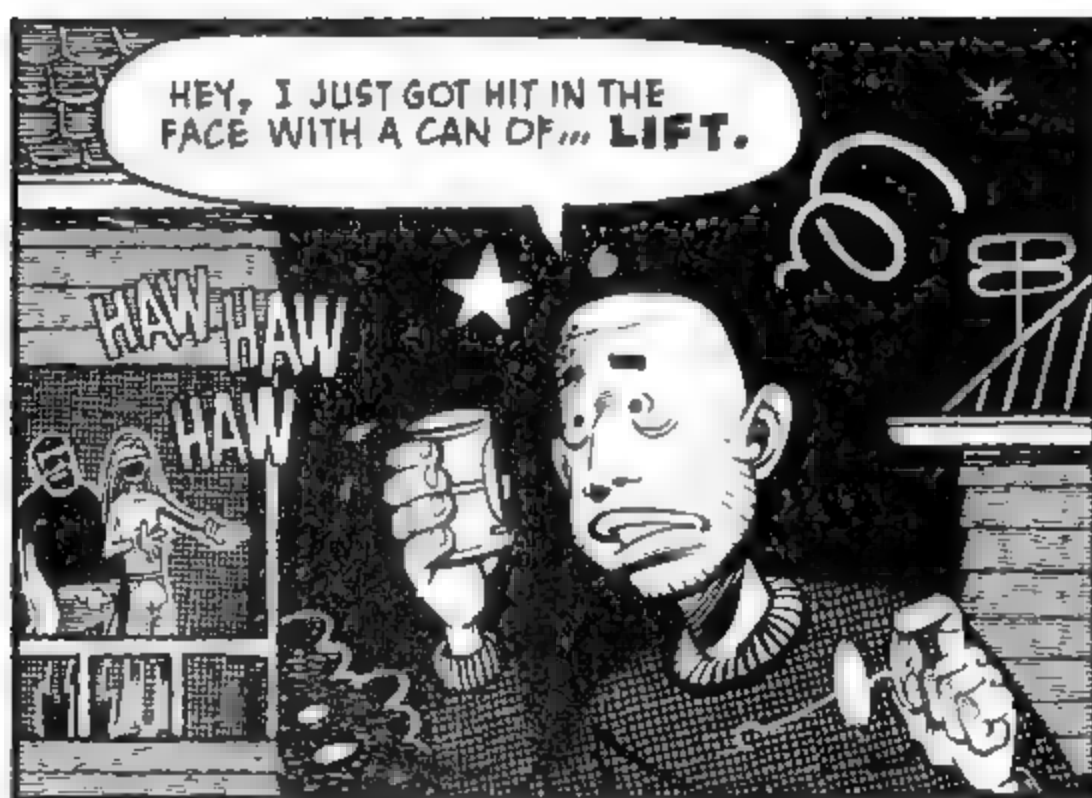




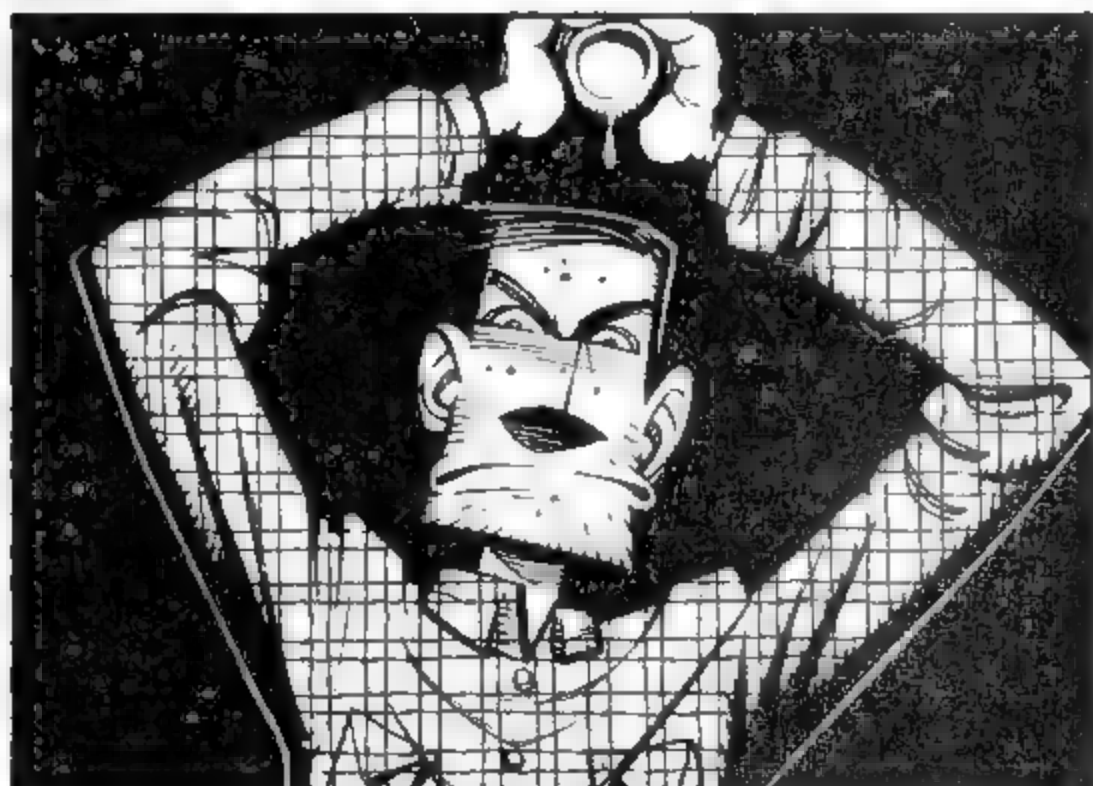
SHORT STORY

(ISOLATED PANEL)









The DEREK SEALS Story

I HAD BEEN TRYING NOT TO GO TO A PARTY WHEN DEREK PHONED TO CATALYSE MY AMBIVALENCE. HE WASTO GIVE A READING (FROM HIS BOOK) AT THE UNIVERS TY AND CASUALLY REQUESTED A LIFT. THE READING WAS TO COMMENCE IN A BARE HALF HOUR.



GALVANISED, I SEIZED A COAT AND FLED, LEAVING THE KETTLE TO SHUT ITSELF OFF.

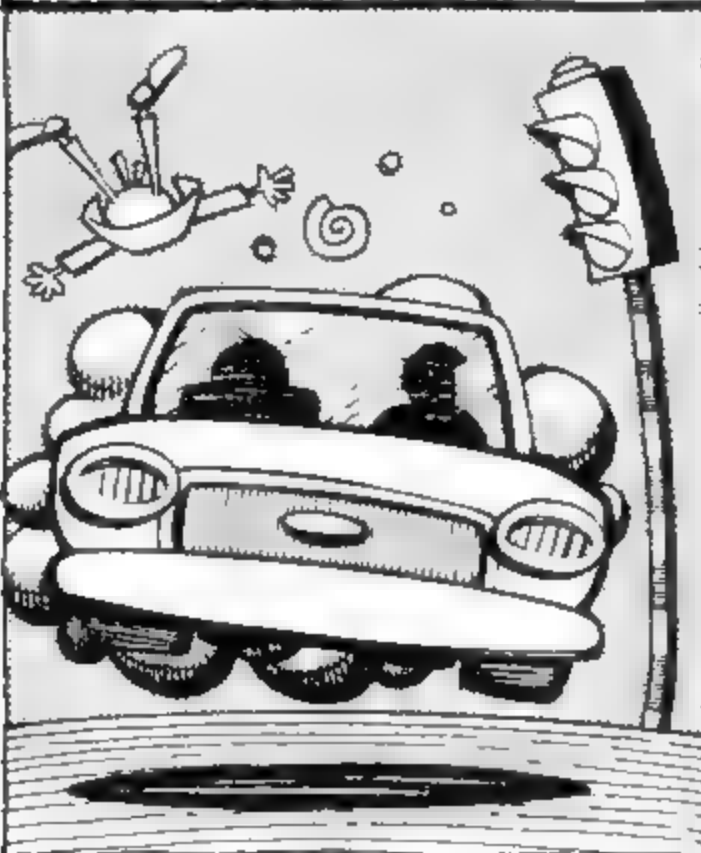
DEREK WAS SURPRISED BY MY SUDDEN ARRIVAL - OFFERED ME A COOKIE AND BEGAN TO COLLECT STRAY PIECES OF PAPER STREWN ABOUT THE ROOM.



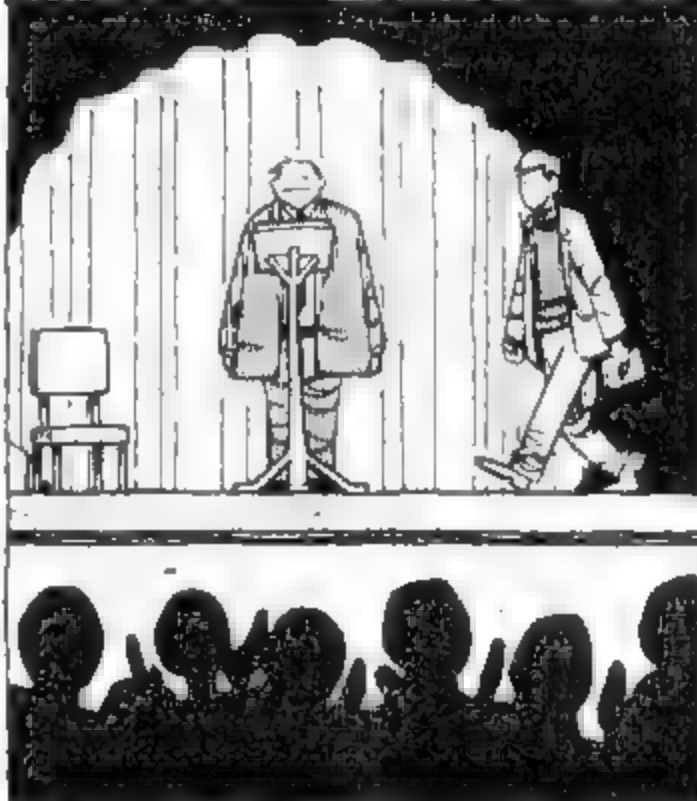
TIME PASSED. HAVING COLLECTED AND COLLATED A BUNDLE OF PAPERS HE PUT THEM AWAY IN A CUPBOARD, PICKED UP ONE OF THE BOOKS THAT FORMED A LOW WALL BESIDE THE DINING ROOM TABLE AND SUGGESTED WE GO.



I DROVE RECKLESSLY, GRAZING RED LIGHTS AND OVERTAKING INCESSANTLY, WHILE DEREK TOYED CALMLY WITH HIS BOOK AND HUMMED.



WE VEERED TO AN ABRUPT HALT AT SEVENTH-TY, PRECISELY DEREK WALKED THROUGH THE STAGE DOOR, PAST A SMALL ALARMED THRONG AND ONTO THE STAGE JUST AS APPLAUSE GREETED THE MEDIATOR'S PERILOUSLY SUCCINCT INTRODUCTION.



I SIDLED INTO THE AUDITORIUM AND FOUND A SEAT THREE ROWS FROM THE FRONT ON THE EXTREME LEFT. I SPENT THE FIRST QUARTER OF AN HOUR TRYING TO REMEMBER WHETHER I HAD SWITCHED MY HEADLIGHTS OFF AND THEN TRYING TO REMEMBER WHETHER I HAD SWITCHED THEM ON IN THE FIRST PLACE. CONSEQUENTLY THE FIRST READING FROM DEREK'S BOOK WAS A MURKY BLUE.



HIS SECOND SELECTION BECAME SIMILARLY OBSCURED WHEN I ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE HYPNOTISED BY THE RHYTHMIC COUNTERPOINT BETWEEN DEREK'S METRONOMIC CUE NG AND THE EXPLOSIVE TIC THAT PERIODICALLY SHUDDERED ACROSS THE FACE OF THE MEDIATOR.



HIS READING VOICE WAS QUIET AND INSISTENT, UNINFLECTED. SENTENCES ENDED INCONCLUSIVELY; PARAGRAPHS SPIRALLED OFF INTO OBLIVION.



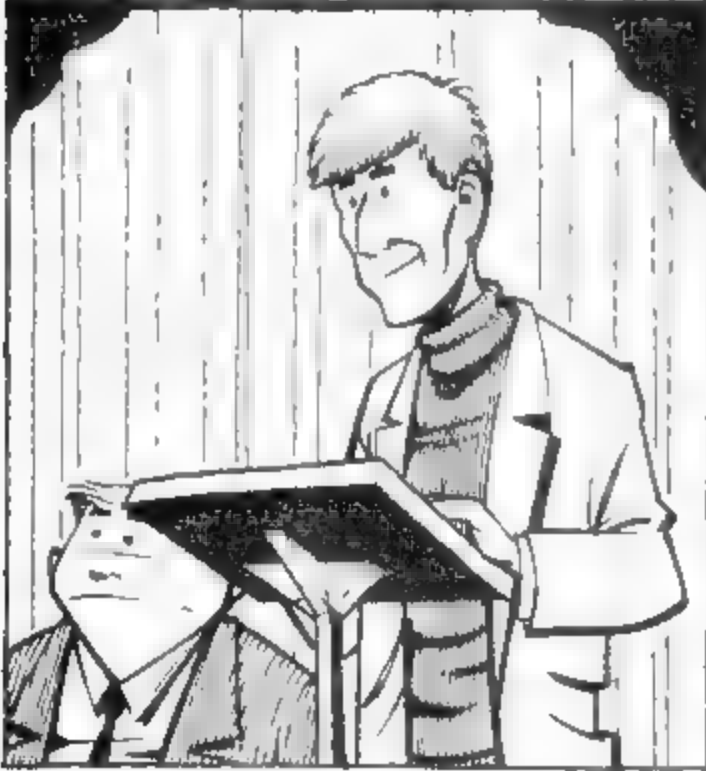
QUESTIONS FOLLOWED. THE INITIAL SALLIES WERE MEEK AND COLOURLESS BUT THE QUESTIONERS SOON GREW CONTENTIOUS AND INTRANSIGENT. BETWEEN INQUIRIES DEREK RESTED HIS GAZE ON ME.



I BEGAN TO FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE, AS IF HE WERE PROVOKING ME TO BLURT OUT THE FIRST SILLY QUESTION THAT CAME TO MIND.

THE SILENCE WAS INTERRUPTED BY A TIGHTLY KNOTTED EXPECTORATION OF ERUDITION THAT HAD OBVIOUSLY BEEN FAWNED OVER. DEREK RESPONDED WITH GENTLE BREEZINESS:

- THAT'S VERY ASTUTE. I SEE YOU'VE READ A LOT ABOUT MY WORK... WELL, I ASSURE YOU THAT WHEN YOU READ MY BOOK YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION.



THE GAZE RETURNED TO REST BRIEFLY UPON ME, SIGNALING AN END TO THE DISCUSSION. A SMART WOMAN IN GLASSES AND A FROWN CLAIMED HIM WITH HER QUESTION:

- WHAT IS YOUR AIM WHEN YOU WRITE A BOOK, OR A POEM? DO YOU THINK YOU ACHIEVE THIS AIM?



HER FACE FELL IN DISMAY AND INCREDULITY.

- OH, WELL. I ALWAYS TRY TO PURSUE THE ORIGINAL IDEA TO ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE, HOWEVER DISASTROUS THE CONSEQUENCES OF THAT MAY APPEAR AT FIRST. IF IT LOOKS LIKE...

HE STOPPED, NOTICING HIS INTERROGATOR'S HARRIED CONFUSION.

- ... OH DEAR, I DON'T THINK I'M ANSWERING YOUR QUESTION, AM I?



- WHAT I ASKED IS, WHEN YOU START WRITING SOMETHING, ANYTHING, YOU HAVE SOME PURPOSE IN MIND, SOME END YOU WISH TO ACHIEVE. IN YOUR LATEST BOOK, FOR EXAMPLE, WHAT WAS THAT PURPOSE (IF YOU DON'T MIND TELLING US)?

[A SLOW RIPPLE OF TASTEFUL LAUGHTER AS SHE AIMED THE ASIDE AT THE AUDIENCE.]

- AND DO YOU FEEL IT HAS BEEN ACHIEVED?



- I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND, I'M AFRAID. DO YOU WANT TO KNOW IF I HAVE AN IDEA OF THE OVERALL SHAPE OF A PIECE BEFORE I BEGIN WRITING IT, OR...?

- NO, NO [RUSHING IN], IT'S SIMPLER THAN THAT. I'M TALKING ABOUT A POLITICAL OR SOCIAL PURPOSE, SOMETHING YOU WANT TO CHANGE WITH YOUR WORK.



- WELL, IF I DID WANT TO CHANGE ANYTHING ABOUT THE BOOK IT'S TOO LATE NOW, I'M AFRAID...

[MORE TASTEFUL LAUGHTER... DEREK NOTED THE WOMAN'S IRRITATION.]

- IS THERE SOMETHING YOU THINK SHOULD BE CHANGED?



- [ABJECT] I'M SORRY I CAN'T MAKE MYSELF ANY CLEARER...

- I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. MAYBE I'M NOT THINKING STRAIGHT. IF I HAVE ANY IDEAS I MAY COME BACK TO YOU. IS THAT OKAY?



THE SMART WOMAN SILENTLY SAT DOWN IN DEFEAT. THE MEDIATOR LEAPT IN, POINTING FORTHWARD ALL ABOUT THE AUDITORIUM:

- THERE WAS A GENTLEMAN OVER HERE...

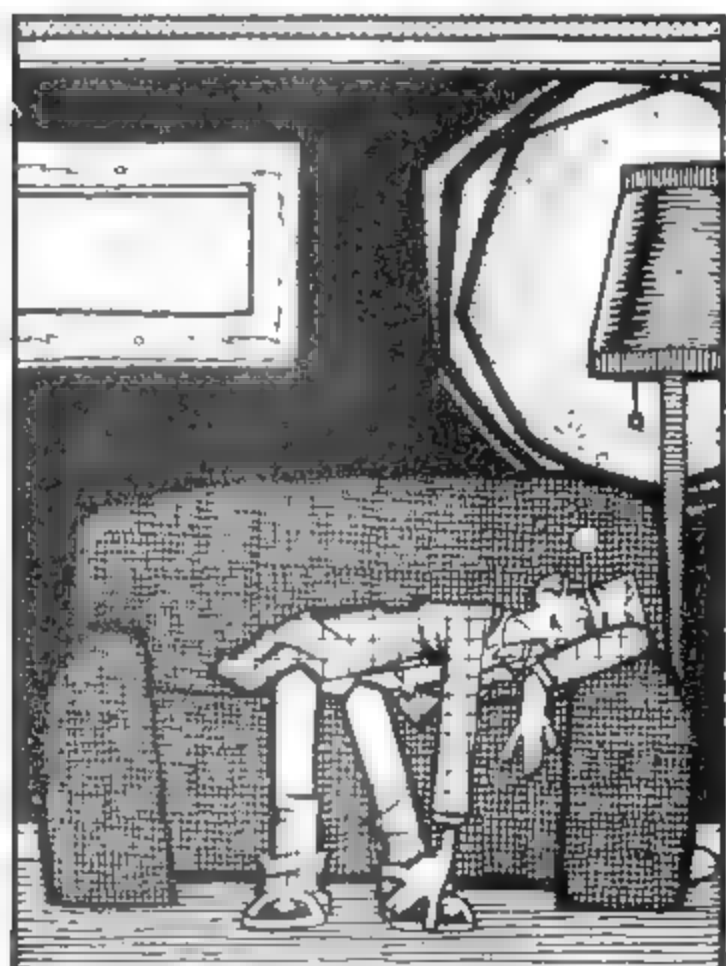
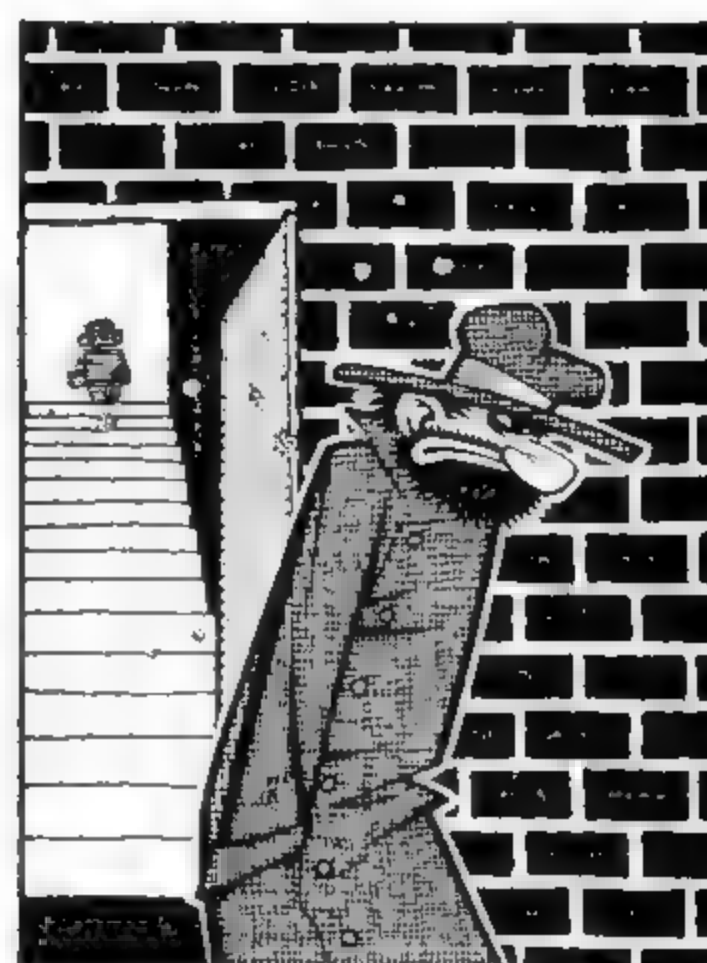
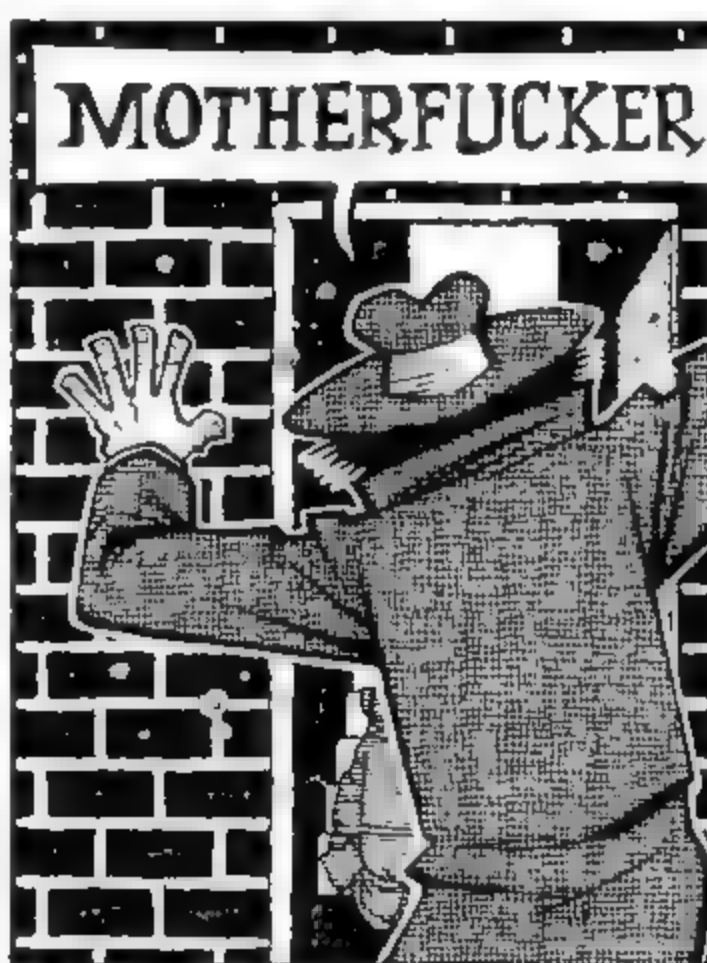


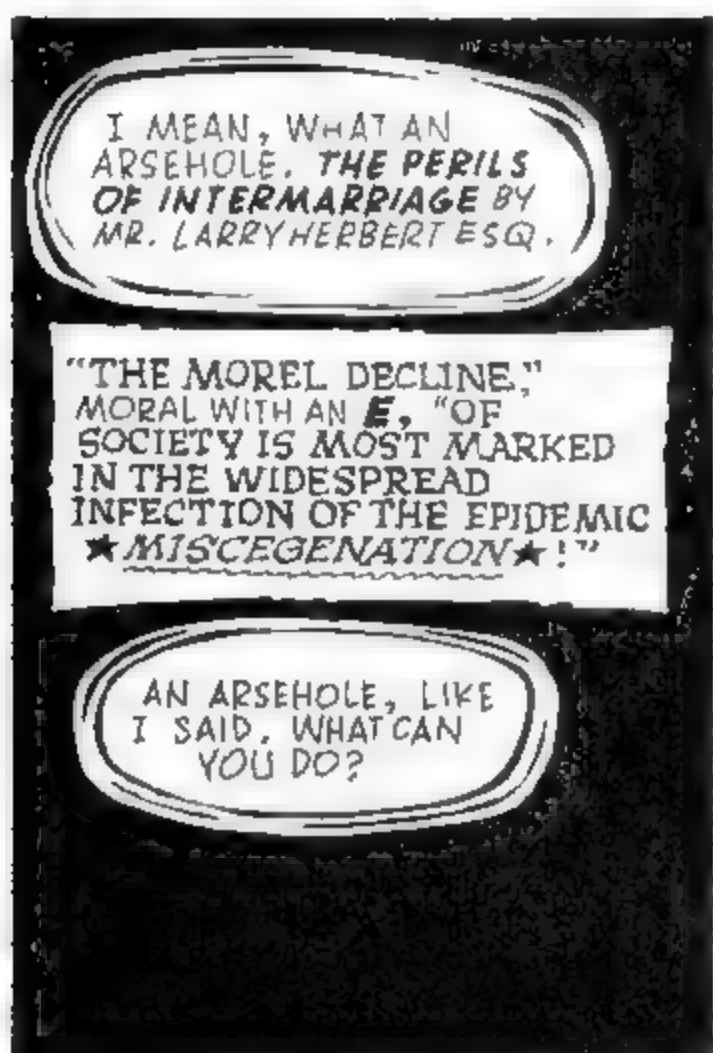
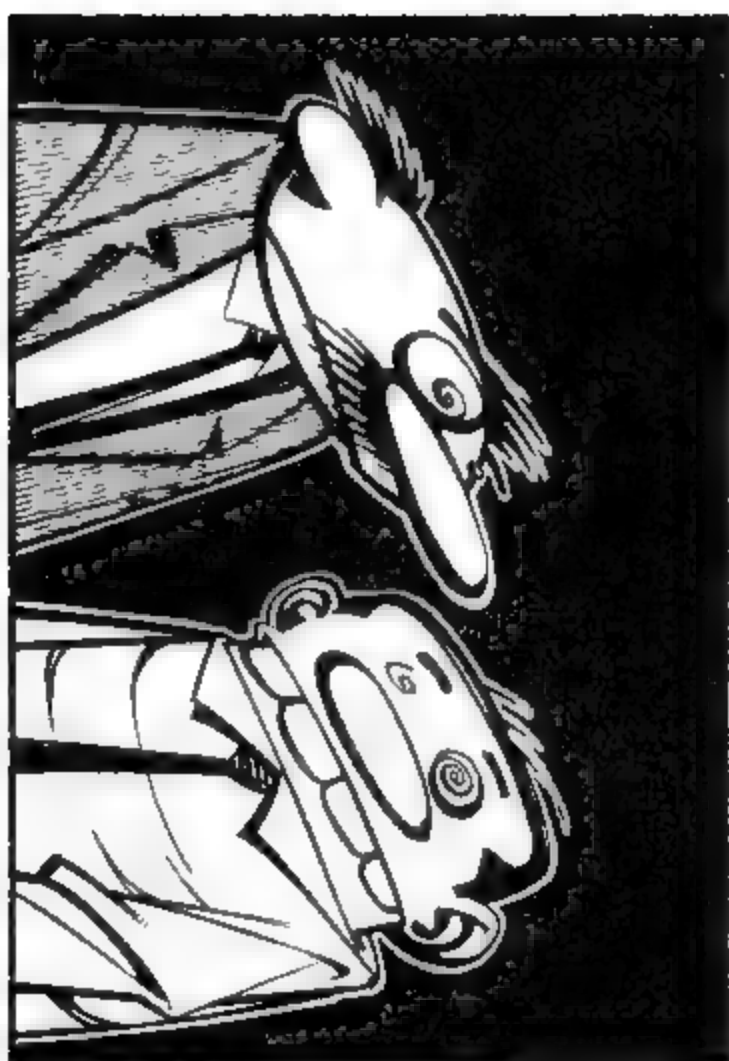
I STOOD AND COUGHED.

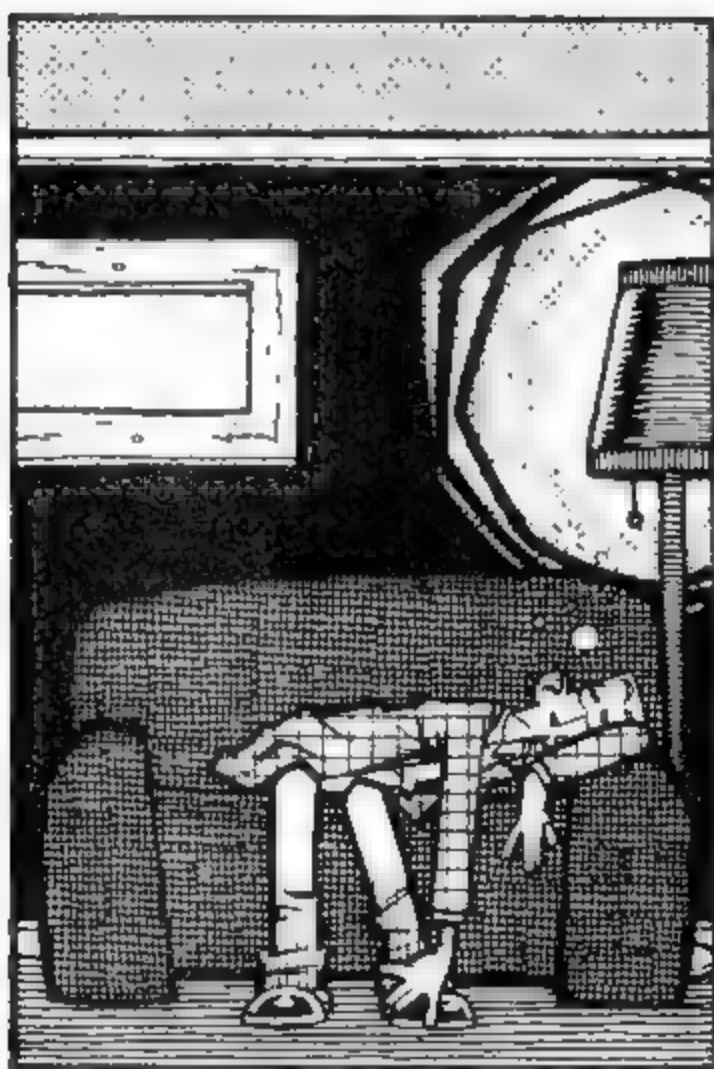


End of Chapter Three

The JOURNEY HALFWAY 3







YOU'RE CRAZY. YOU'RE STILL ASLEEP. THIS IS FOR THE BIRDS...

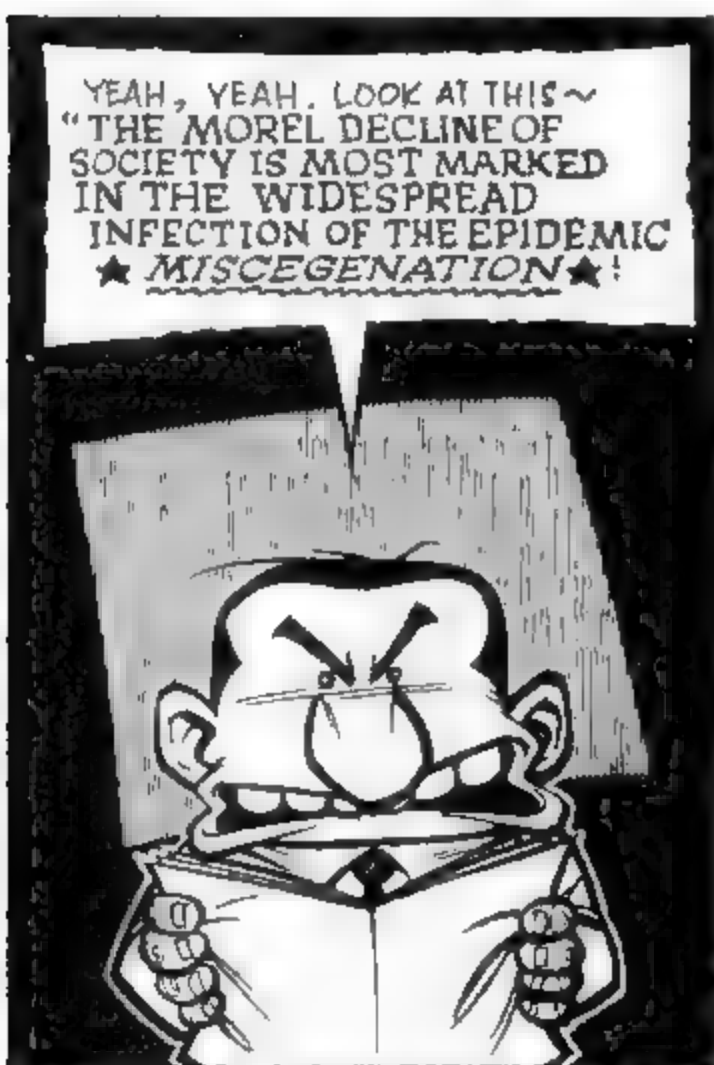


HALF PAST FOUR. I TOLD YOU.

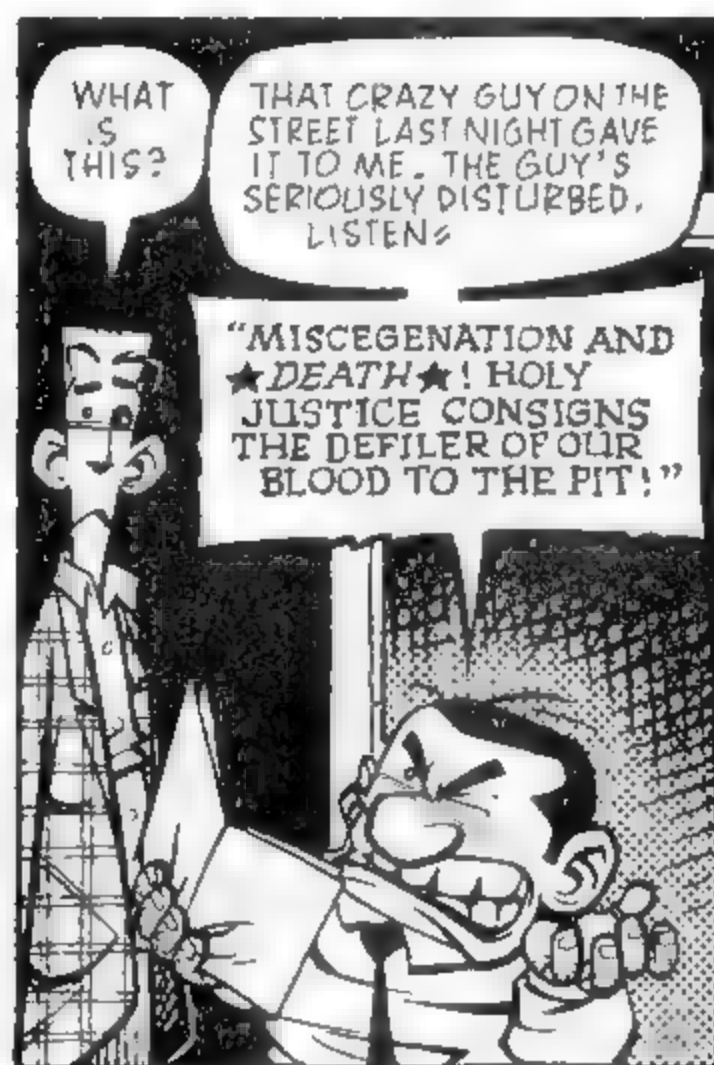


BUT YOU'RE OKAY CONSIDERING.

CONSIDERING YOU'RE AN IDIOT.

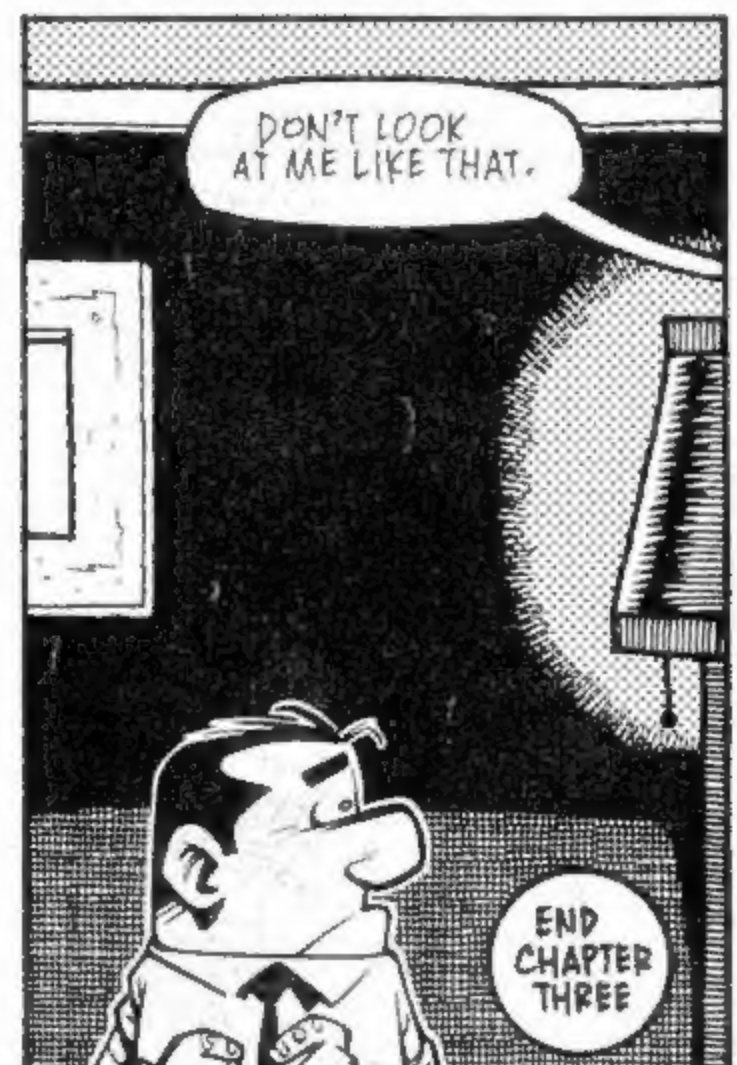
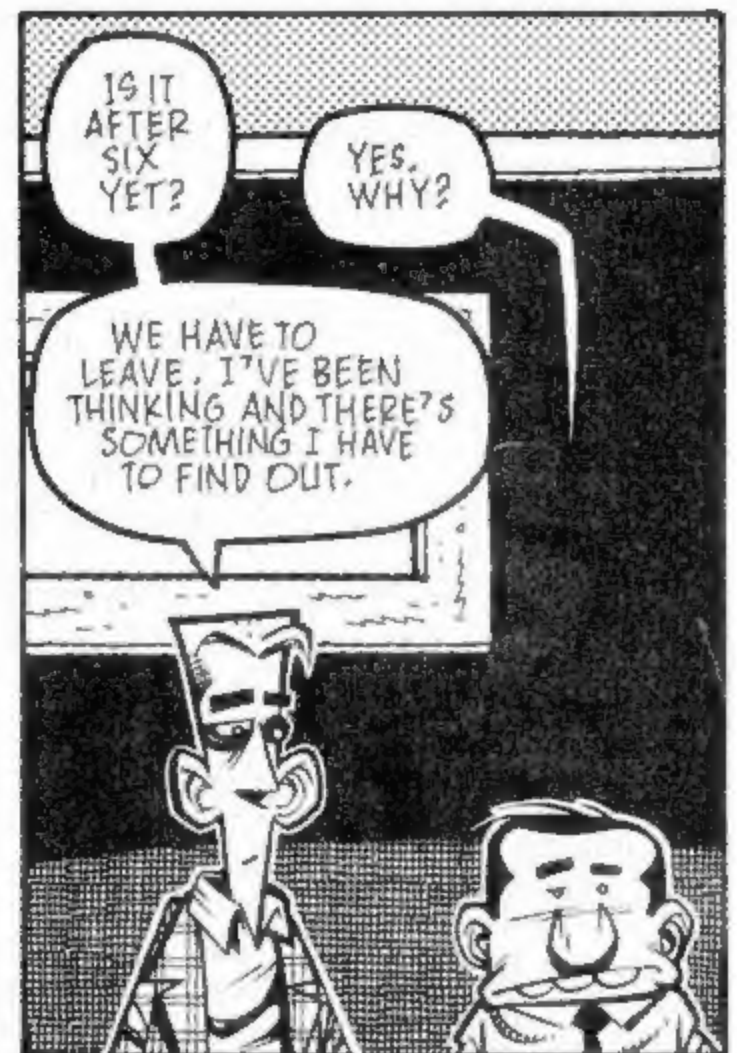
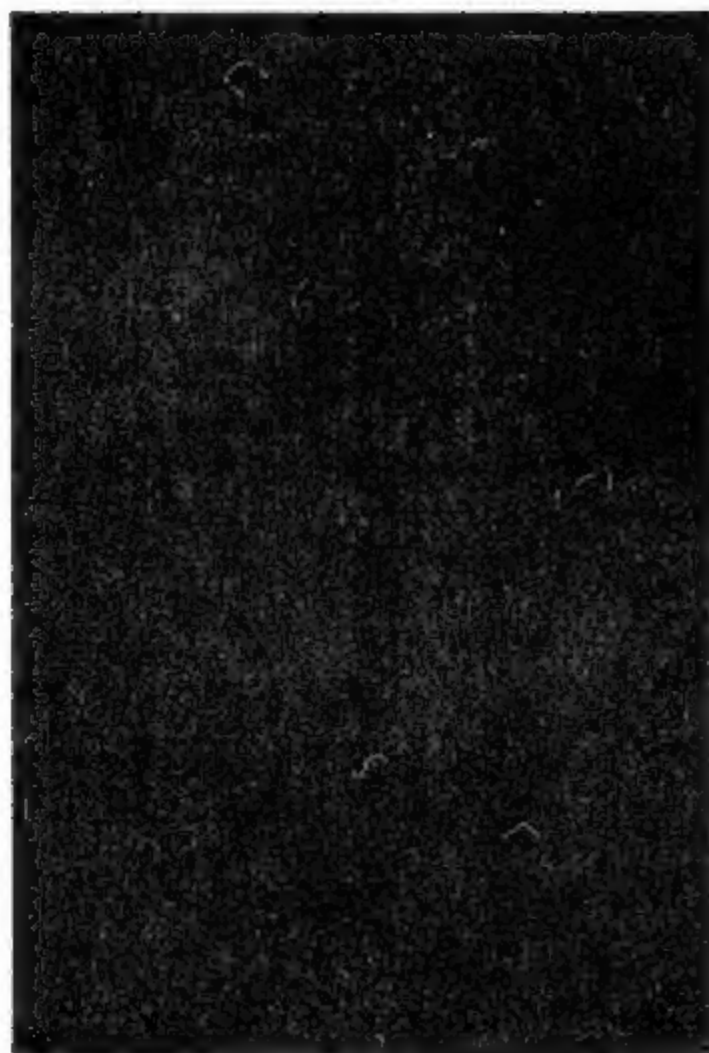
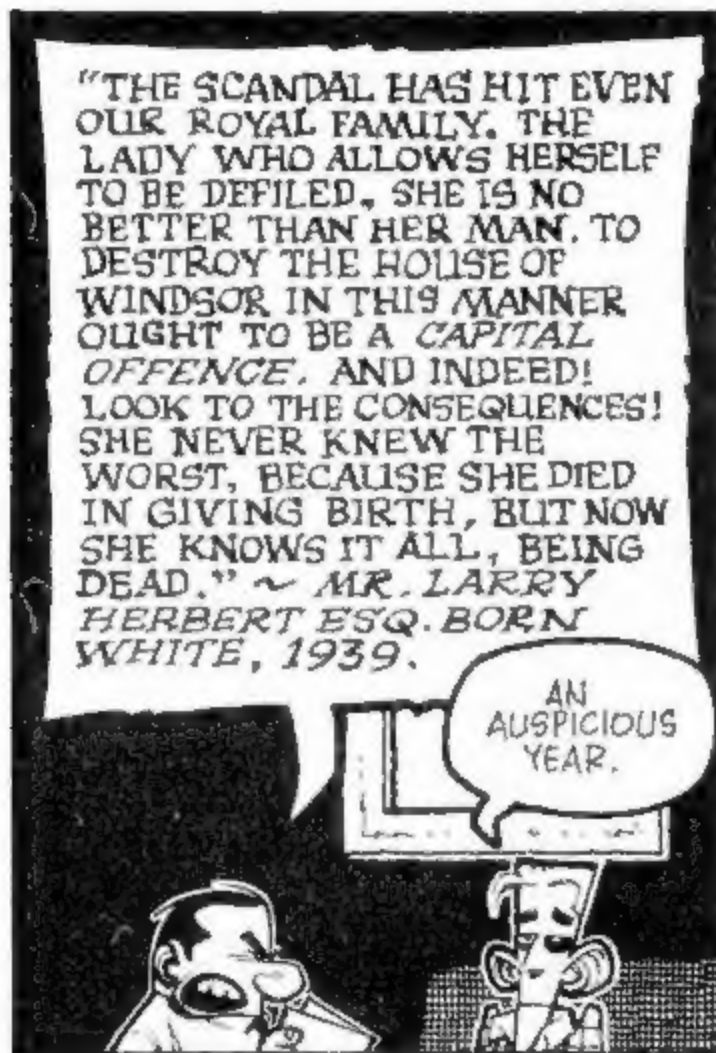
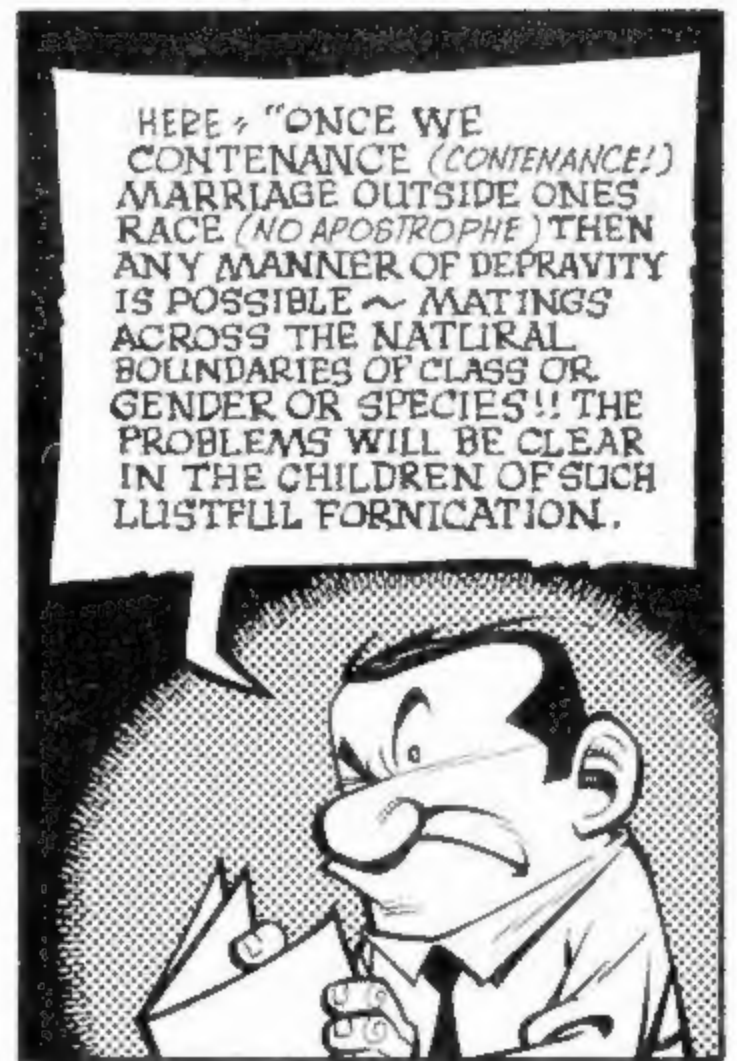
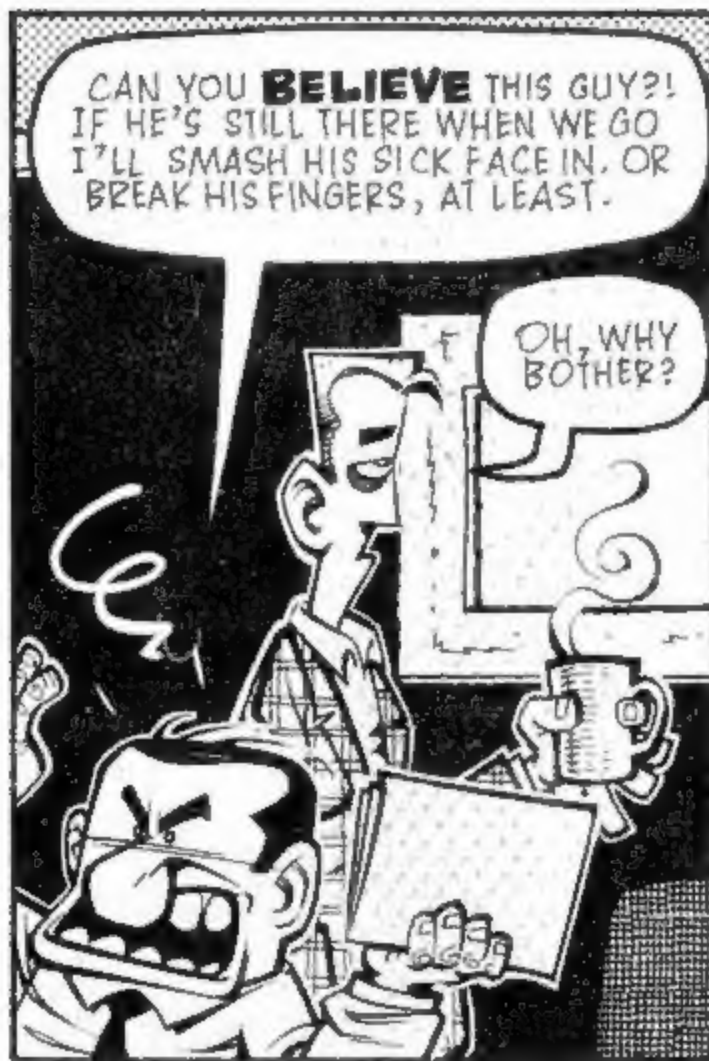
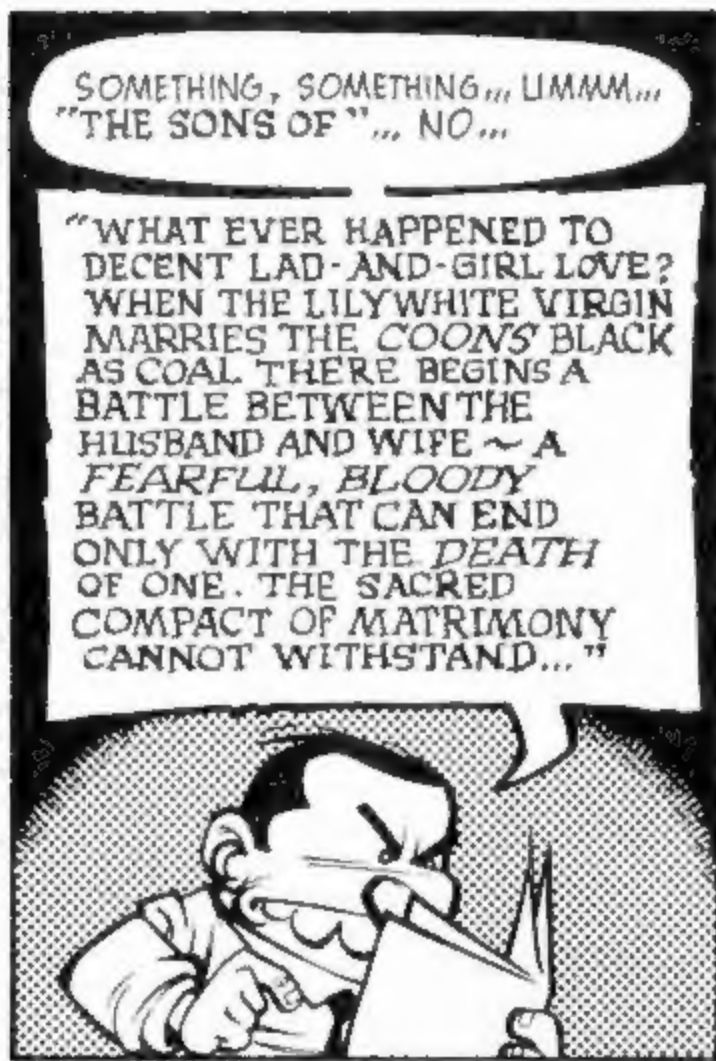


YEAH, YEAH. LOOK AT THIS~
"THE MORE DECLINE OF SOCIETY IS MOST MARKED IN THE WIDESPREAD INFECTION OF THE EPIDEMIC
★ MISCEGENATION ★!"

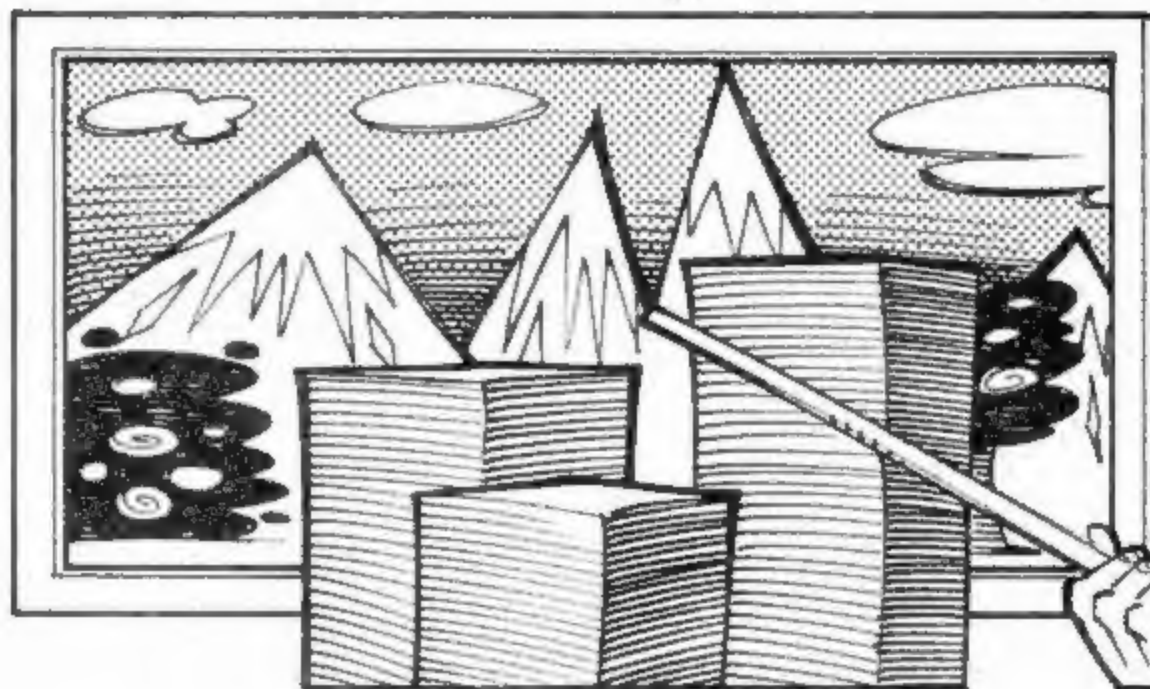


THAT CRAZY GUY ON THE STREET LAST NIGHT GAVE IT TO ME. THE GUY'S SERIOUSLY DISTURBED, LISTENS

"MISCEGENATION AND ★DEATH★! HOLY JUSTICE CONSIGNS THE DEFILER OF OUR BLOOD TO THE PIT!"



BLACKMAIL IV



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE WINDOW?



THAT'S RIGHT! THERE'S DIRTY GREAT PILES OF COMIC BOOKS IN FRONT OF IT!

AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT.

IF YOU WANT TO SAVE MY VIEW THEN JUST FILL OUT THIS LITTLE FORM TO YOUR RIGHT...

CHOOSE FROM THESE MASTERPIECES!

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THIS DOES NOT
INCLUDE SEA MONKEYS.

DON'T READ IT! JUST TICK ALL THE BOXES AND TELL US YOUR CREDIT CARD NUMBER!

Name = _____
Address = _____



AS AN ADDED INCENTIVE, I WILL CONTINUE TO DISROBE THE GUMP ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN, THIS TIME IT WAS ONLY A BOOTIE. NEXT TIME, IF I DON'T SEE SOME ACTION, IT'LL BE THE TRUNKS.

DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU.

you didn't warn me

SHUT UP.



急募

HELP ME, I AM IN HELL!
LET'S GET TO KNOW
EACH OTHER FIRST!
I DIDN'T DO IT OFFICER!
EEEK EEEK EEEK EEEK !!



**I AM A CARTOONIST.
INDULGE ME.**

Rota
呂太

BRAND
NEW
FEATURE!

PLEASE EXPLAIN to ANDREW

HEY ROGER!
I'VE GOT A NEW
IDEA HOW TO MAKE
LOTS OF MONEY
OFF **ZOOT!**

EH?

YOU AND ME WE
PITCH IN ENOUGH
MONEY TO PAY FOR
SOME OF THOSE
'HOLOGRAMETTES' FOR
THE COVER OF
NUMBER FIVE!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
HOW IS THIS GOING TO
INCREASE SALES?

MAYBE WE
COULD EVEN GET
IT EMBOSSED!

SALES?

I THOUGHT SOME
RICH PRANKSTER
WAS OFFERING A
FABULOUS CASH
PRIZE FOR EACH
MONTH'S UGLIEST
COMIC BOOK
COVER!

PLEASE EXPLAIN TO ANDREW.

DOES THIS
MEAN WE'RE
GOING TO HAVE
TO WAIT FOR
GARY'S CHEQUE-
WRITING HAND
TO COME OUT
OF THAT CAST?

REAL CUTE,
GUYS! GET
BACK TO WORK!

